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THE FORTNIGHTLY

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

OCTOBER, 1951

PERILS THREATENING ITALY

BY SYLVIA SPRIGGE

THE *canicola* or the dog days of an Italian summer have been especially suited to utterly gloomy prognostications and fantastications about " the Italian situation ". How could one work, or even think calmly, when so much energy went in seeing that every blind was down, that water was set aside to cool, that the fly bat was not mislaid, because otherwise the moment when at last you could sit down, would be utterly ruined by a persistent fly, itself too drowsy to do more than concentrate on your head or hands?

All tourists are agreed that Italy is not only the most beautiful country in Europe, but in some ways the gayest, the most amusing and certainly never dull for an instant. This has to be paid for somehow, especially the " never dullness ". And what tourist has enough Italian or, indeed would care to know that Italians are in the throes of a most frightful attack of *ennui*, or boredom or " let's get cracking " as the Americans would say ? What Italians ? Unfortunately the politicians, the industrialists and (heaven help us all) the clergy. Those people who were busy in the dog days threshing the second crop of corn, or going round with the new census forms, or catering for the tourists, give an hour to such thoughts in the *trattoria* on Sunday night. The politicians give all day and every day to them, and so do the unemployed. We shall not know whether they really number two million until the census figures are in.

Who cares if Italy is bored? Let her make up her mind to get on with the next task to hand, build houses, clear Naples' slums, mend the roads, bring electricity to some of the thousand villages in the south which still have none, bring running water to remote places, build more schools, and so on. But what if Signor de Gasperi at the end of July, introducing his seventh Cabinet to Parliament outlined just such a programme in spite of high rearmament costs, and the people are still bored ? What do the politicians, the industrialists and the clergy want ? Hasn't the country recovered wonderfully with all its railways rebuilt after nearly 2,000 bridges were blown up in the war, all its people off the starvation diets of 1943-1945, and 100,000 Italians now emigrating a year to Australia, France, England, Switzerland and Venezuela, Brazil and Argentine ?

There is so much to be thankful for in the previous six de Gasperi

administrations. But Italians live in the present. They seem to think they have been " good " quite long enough, and the time has now come to perform on the European and if possible on the world stage as befits a people of 45 million souls who refuse to be considered any longer merely as the home of the biggest Communist party outside Russia, but still a country where certain law and order prevail and that party keeps its place. The industrialists are tired of the strong Communist unions. The clergy report back to the Vatican that the wholesale excommunication of active Communists has had no effect. The politicians (except the Communist ones who are Moscow-trained and disciplined) are tired of their parties, and split off into nonconformity at the slightest hint of discipline. And all these people, deputies, senators, journalists talk for hours and fill columns of the press with rumours and suggestions and complaints, all of which are beginning to crystallize in the old Italian vicious cry for a dictatorship.

To lovers of Italy this is the usual disappointment, the big disillusion which faces them once in a lifetime, especially if they are English, and the real lovers of Italy are usually English. At first one is incredulous. Does the little man really want a black fez on his head again, with a gigantic gold spread eagle and a still bigger black silk tassel hanging down at the side ? Yes, he really does. Would people really like to be marshalled again in tens of thousands for speeches from the balcony ? They are already, but they find the choice of mass rallies difficult—better have one kind of rally only. And would they really give up the freedom of choice on voting days, and the freedom to buy quite different newspapers according to their political taste ? Much better for them, answer the Communist and the industrialist and many of the clergy. Almost furious, one asks in despair, but what of the great struggle for liberation between 1943-1945, what of the solemnity with which Italians went in their millions to record the first free vote after 25 years of dictatorship in 1946, in 1948, in 1951 ? And, as during the Risorgimento, it is again a handful, a tiny handful, among whom the present Prime Minister must be numbered, who would give all their energy and time to preserve these rights. The others reply that the Liberation front has long since broken up, and partisans " and all that" have become political tools in the hands of the parties.

Merely to record this mood of *l'Italie s'ennuie* would not be worth while, were there not some substantial evidence of important defections from the cause of parliamentary democracy here. The trouble may have started with the Atlantic Pact. That was trial by fire. The first to show real concern about Italy's joining the Atlantic Pact was Pope Pius XII. Not in so many words, for popes never make direct reference to any immediate occurrence. But the Pope

early did not want the seat of the papacy which is Italy, to become o closely involved in what is still called here "the American defence ystem", which only goes to show that there is not yet a national onsciousness in Italy that seems really worth defending, as there is an merican, a French and a British or Belgian or Dutch or Norwegian ay of life which is worth dying for.

The nearest thing to a "way of life" here is the Roman Catholic ifice. There are times when Italians rally in their thousands round , as when Rome was declared an open city and the people flocked to t. Peter's to thank the Pope for having spared them the fate of reviso, Milan, Naples or Genoa. In between times, there is often a erce anti-clericalism, and the Church is blamed for all the evils hich have befallen Italy from the refusal to allow birth control to ne clamp down on divorce. The other point of view is, that but or the Church, Italy would be about as " dim " as Spain, and that the hurch commissioned all the great artists here and brought uni- ersal fame to Italy by recruiting her sons and sending them out to all arts of the world, after training them, as bishops, nunzios and issionaries. It is certainly no fun being an adult Italian. It means arrying the opprobrium of the lesser achievements of the Church, as ell as the constant internal importance of that institution in Italy. he present moment in Italian affairs is just such a moment.

Just before the Atlantic Pact was made, Mr. Myron Taylor who ad been appointed by President Roosevelt as his " personal rep- esentative " to the Holy See, retired, and no further representative as appointed. For 18 months the U.S. have had no proper representa- on at the Vatican. A kind of U.S. " consul " to the Holy See is hortly to be appointed, but there is a coolness. The Pope who makes olicy—for he has steadily dispensed with the office of a Cardinal ecretary of State in favour of two assistant secretaries—was known o be questioning American policy, especially with regard to Italy and taly's military rôle in the new alliance. The coolness spread to ignor de Gasperi. How can one describe the steps by which this ecame clear ? First there were two articles by an old Vatican ournalist who has never missed the mark on these difficult matters uring the past 30 years, Signor Missiroli. In *Messagero* he hinted bout 15 months ago that it was going to be difficult to re-establish J.S.-Vatican relations and that the Holy See could not in the nature f things take sides in this world struggle. Too many Roman Catholics ere beyond the curtain. The second bit of evidence came from Dr. Gedda's coolness towards the Christian Democrat party. Dr. Gedda is almost the " voice of the Pope ". Since then, transcurtain uthorities have decided that the Pope *is* the agent of " American mperialism ", and all the trials of high ecclesiastics in Hungary and Czechoslovakia have been designed to this end. The course of events

is usually foreseen in the Vatican, and this development was foreseen

It was in view of all this, and it still is in view of all this, that there is a coolness now for Signor de Gasperi and a desire on the part of the Pope and of those important Jesuits who make policy in the Vatican to disengage Italy from the Atlantic alliance. That in itself is not all. There is also no active support in either the columns of *Osservatore Romano* or in any official or semi-official pronouncements in the Vatican for Signor de Gasperi's outspoken anti-Fascist policy. Here, it must also be said that the Italian courts which continually have to give political judgments, much as the English courts must have had to do after the Civil War, can seldom be relied on to take a constitutional view of the rebirth of Fascism in Italy. The Italian Constitution forbids that re-birth, so does the Italian Peace Treaty. The higher courts, however, frequently reverse sentences in summary courts imposing short terms of imprisonment or fines on those who greet crowds with the Fascist salute and with the old slogans of " *A noi* " and " *Viva il Duce* ", and generally preach the " glories " of the old régime.

The neo-Fascists are now allied with the monarchists in Naples and Taranto. Examination of the big funds needed to finance the 16 Fascist dailies and weeklies which now circulate in Italy reveal it is said (though I haven't been able to go into it) that the Crespi brothers who own the *Corriere della Sera*, the Paggi, Cini and three or four other big industrialists in the north have given the money. Accusations of this kind float about and never meet with denials. One does not know whether the Pope would like to see ex-King Umberto back on the throne of Italy. Such a course would probably lead to bloodshed here, and whatever the course which events here may take there is general consent to try to avoid bloodshed, though it may not be possible to do so.

The immediate prospects in Italy are not good. The Christian Democrat party is riven by allegiance to the " Papal " line, which includes neutralism for Italy and also includes the suppression of the Communist leaders by imprisonment, followed by negotiation with Russia (this was Mussolini's policy). Another splinter inside the Christian Democrat party is the right-wing opposition to the Land Reform. In the centre of the ruling party of Italy stands the Prime Minister and a solid group of traditional Don Sturzo Christian Democrats. With 307 deputies in the Chamber, this party can rule Italy, but of late there have been Christian Democrat absentees at important divisions, as many as 45.

Just outside the party and giving it no end of trouble is the vice-president of Catholic Action, Dr. Luigi Gedda, whose main business in life so far has been medical research on the mental and physical affinities of twins. He is the powerful inventor and organizer of the

civic committees", in every Italian town. He does not consider gnor de Gasperi or his party as a twin to Catholic Action, and clearly is strong political ambitions himself. One of Signor de Gasperi's ft wings, the "Christian Corporativist" Dossetti wing flirts with Dr. edda, the other led by President of the Chamber Gronchi flirts with e Social Democrats.

The Christian Democrats are losing votes. It is possible to nagine a situation in next year's general election in which the ascists, who are gaining votes, and the Communists who are not sing them, would together carry the majority in Parliament and ave Italy in as difficult a situation as France has had to face in nstituting a Government. To forestall this is also part of the pur- ose of manoeuvres now going on to form national fronts of neo- ascists, Monarchists, Liberals and dissident Christian Democrats.

I think Signor de Gasperi badly needs some successes abroad. o this, if we care sufficiently about the welfare of Italy, we could ow turn our attention. It is three years since the ill-fated Bevin- forza agreement, three years of complete stagnation in Anglo-Italian lations. Apart from trade and a good co-operation between ur respective navies in the Mediterranean, no public word has passed. The ambassadors of both countries might be changed to mark the ew policy, and the really absurd Yugoslav régime in Zone B should uietly be taken over by AMG Trieste, and Italians allowed free ccess to this area, just as they now have free access to Zone A. If we il in this, we fail in the only matter in which we might have given gnor de Gasperi a helping hand. It is very important, not because illions of Italians care passionately about Zone B, but because any ne, any day can rouse Italians on this issue. The Italians have ven up Pola, Fiume, Zara, Tripolitania, Eritrea. They must have ee access to Zone B. Nor do thousands of Yugoslavs care passion- ely about Zone B. Yugoslavia has far finer Dalmation resorts an ever Capo d'Istria or Porto Rose or Citta Nova are. The ugoslavs are in Zone B because every night from there you can see e reflection in the sky of all the lights of Trieste, without seeing rieste. Zone B promises Trieste. And since the Yugoslavs are not oing to get Trieste it is far better that their Government officials ould move out of Zone B. Zone B yields nothing. It only costs. first move has been made by which AMG personnel from Trieste civilian clothes may go to Zone B on visits. May AMG follow on.

The gift of polite and occasionally complimentary international tercourse seems to have been lost in England. Blunt, courageous abour party leaders may not believe in the value of such inter-nation nguage, and yet . . . and yet, the total absence of a single friendly complimentary word in Parliament or in a speech at home about

Italy for the last four or five years is bearing fruit now. It is the tourists, not the Foreign Office who have preserved such vestiges o friendliness as may remain here for England. If Signor de Gasper goes, the last vestiges go with him, for Italy, the Italy of the politicians the industrialists and the clergy in 1951 envies and rather hates England each for their own reasons, because England's wares compete and wi with Italy's in the markets of the world, or because English hom politics have usurped the attention of Europe, or just because Englan is Protestant, and generally because England is held responsible fo the harsh peace treaty, the loss of African territories, and now th threatened loss of Zone B.

This month the Atlantic Council meets in Rome. There is work t be done if Signor de Gasperi's hand is to be strengthened. He i right, and the bored politicians and industrialists here are wrong but powerful, and they are planning a return to dictatorship both openly and secretly.

(*Mrs. Sprigge writes from Rome.*)

THE POUND, THE DOLLAR AND INFLATION

By R. G. Hawtrey

MR. R. P. Schwarz's article "Inflation in a Free Society" in the August number of The Fortnightly raises some vital economic issues. So far as the immediate situation is oncerned, he asks whether the devaluation of 1949 was a mistake ; so, whether it should be corrected by an up-valuation ; whether the nflationary effects of re-armament expenditure call for up-valuation ; hat would be the effects of a cessation of re-armament xpenditure. But, along with these short-period questions, he raises ne that is more far-reaching : "the adoption of a system of fluctuting exchanges, instead of exchanges tied to a fixed par." "The lea for flexible exchanges" is, as he says, "an outright challenge . . . o the International Monetary Fund" and, he proceeds, though it might have something to commend itself", yet "on balance would seem that such a measure, from a long-term point of view, ould do more harm than good."

The immediate problem is the inflationary effects of expenditure on armament. Every country has its own currency, and for each s own re-armament is its own problem. The problem is primarily fiscal one—a matter of revenue and expenditure. If the resources or re-armament are raised by methods which do not cause an quivalent decrease of spending on other purposes (whether on onsumption or on capital outlay) the effect is inflationary ; spending xceeds income, and therefore exceeds production. The excess pending is either fed from imports (causing an adverse balance) or from tocks at home (causing pressure on production to replace the sales). t is not always possible to avoid these consequences. A wartime eficit may be of such magnitude that no fiscal measures can cope ith it. In Great Britain at the present time taxation is already at uch a level that any further imposts would probably be met out of apital. During the war controls were relied on to limit spending. upplies were limited by rationing, formal or informal, and the money pent on them was limited by price controls.

It may be that Great Britain and other countries engaged in e-armament are in a position to prevent their re-armament expendiure from becoming a source of inflation. The means of doing so, whether taxation or controls, amount to a fresh dose of austerity.

" Inflation ", as Mr. Schwarz says, "is the predominant preoccupation of economists at the present time "—also, he might have added, of governments, political parties and the public. It is, therefore, unnecessary to expatiate on the evils of inflation (though I do not think they are by any means fully appreciated). But conditions in the countries concerned are not independent of one another so long as their money units are linked together by fixed rates of exchange. In particular, so long as the pound is given a fixed value in terms of the dollar, inflation in Great Britain is bound to keep pace approximately with inflation in the United States. As between them, the United States at present holds the position of leader. American industry is on so vast a scale that a moderate fluctuation in its productive activity occasions a considerable fluctuation in the world demand for materials and primary products. The United States is also so considerable a supplier, not only of some materials and foodstuffs, but of a wide range of manufactures, that American prices are an important, if not the predominant, factor in markets all over the world.

When inflation expands demand and raises the price level in the United States, the prices of American exports and imports are raised and the price levels of all other countries are affected, so great a part of their production is sold either to America or in competition with American products. The high prices gained by a part of their production generate enlarged incomes, and create demand for the rest : the rise in the external price level spreads to the internal. If, as there is reason to expect, re-armament expenditure in America gives rise to a substantial inflationary rise of the American price level in the next year or two, any country which maintains its money unit at a fixed parity with the dollar is bound to experience a corresponding inflationary rise. There are devices for delaying the process, but a system of controls so close as to prevent it altogether is hardly practicable.

Price controls can keep down the prices of things produced for home consumption, but, if prices are to be kept down, wages must be kept down too. And if wages are kept down in one part of industry they must be kept down in the rest. But if in any industry wages are kept down when the price of the product goes up, as in the export industries, or in those which compete with imports, excessive profit margins will appear, and there will inevitably be pressure for a rise of wages. There might be direct control of wages. The British authorities have always abjured a control of wages, and, even if it were adopted, it probably could not be held in the face of an excessive expansion of profits in a large section of industry. Moreover a rise in the prices of imports means a rise in the cost of living, and present policy would be against compensating the rise by increased subsidies.

he rise of wages, even in the absence of a wage control, would nly be gradual. There might be a considerable interval uring which countries other than the United States could be trading ith one another at price levels little raised. But the tendency would e at work in all, and whenever prices and wages in one took a step p, the tendency would be accelerated in the rest.

It was considerations like these, I think, that led the Economic ommission for Europe to recommend a general up-valuing of money nits in terms of dollars. Any country which embarks on measures o prevent inflation, but maintains its rate of exchange with the dollar nchanged in face of active inflation in the United States, is courting ailure. This is an application of the principle of purchasing power arity, which afforded valuable guidance in the monetary reconstruc- ion of Europe after the 1914-1918 war, but seems to have been onsigned to oblivion after the last one. Like all principles in mone- ary theory, that of purchasing power parity has to be handled with are. The purchasing power compared ought to be expressed in erms of the wage level rather than of the price level. And in ractical applications account must always be taken of economic hanges, other than monetary, affecting the balance of payments. ut it is broadly true that money units linked by fixed rates of xchange with the dollar undergo fluctuations of purchasing power orresponding to those of the dollar.

Inflation reduced the purchasing power of the dollar by one-third n the years 1946-1948. Great efforts were made by means of ontrols and high taxation to restrain inflation in Great Britain, nd were not wholly without effect. Its progress did lag somewhat ehind the progress of inflation in the United States. In 1949 there as a set-back to the state of high activity in American industry : rices fell, and some unemployment developed ; wages ceased to rise, ut did not react from the high level reached at the end of 1948, and merican industry was no longer over-employed. There was an mmediate impact upon the American balance of payments. Ameri- an imports of materials fell off, and this decline of demand led to a all in the prices of materials in world markets. The embarrassment n which the sterling area was involved, and with it Great Britain's ound sterling, has attained notoriety as the occasion of the devalu- tion of the pound.

The embarrassment did not arise from a disparity of costs. merican wages had been rising faster than British, and did not fall. he trouble was due to a disparity between the flow of money and the vage level in the United States, a disparity which made itself felt in a hrinkage of profit margins, a decline in employment, and a falling ff of demand. It was a transitory disequilibrium of the kind sually described as " cyclical ", though the approximately regular

rhythm of the nineteenth century trade cycles is a thing of the past.

To the British Government of the day the situation appeared portentous and uncontrollable, and panic measures followed. There was never any pretence that the reduction of the dollar value of the pound by 30½ per cent. had any relation to the comparative costs in Great Britain and the United States. The immediate purpose was to find a rate such that no speculator would expect the pound to go lower, in the hope that the speculation against the pound, which had been aggravating the trouble, would cease.

Early in 1950 a revival of business set in in the United States. The flow of money was expanding again, and there was quite a prospect that a renewal of the inflationary tendency of 1948 would depress the purchasing power of the dollar still further. If so, the pound would have to follow, and, starting 30½ per cent. behind, would have so much further to go.

There is anxiety about inflation, because the cost of re-armament has put a stop to the budget surpluses which have been relied on as a part of the régime of austerity. But that is a minor factor compared with the onset of inflation already latent in devaluation, of which only a fraction has as yet been felt. Of itself the cost of re-armament might even be insufficient to bring about the inflation needed to adjust the pound to its dollar value. The fundamental adjustment is in wages, and that is now well under way. In the course of time the crucial question may be how to check the impetus of inflation when the adjustment is accomplished ; if it goes too far, a further devaluation will become necessary. It is futile to worry about inflation, and to look for means of counteracting it, so long as the pound remains grossly undervalued. If the pound is to become rightly valued at $2.80, inflation must do its work : it must degrade the pound till prices, wages and money values accord with that standard.

The world has no monetary standard ; money units of all countries are linked to the American dollar, and the American dollar is linked to nothing. It has a fixed valuation in gold at $35 an ounce, but gold is not an independent standard. American monetary policy determines the value of the dollar, that is to say, its purchasing power in terms of goods, and the value of the dollar determines the value of gold. Policy does not aim expressly at stabilizing the value of the dollar. Its value fluctuates, and the value of gold fluctuates with it. The International Monetary Fund is designed to preserve fixed rates of exchange for all money units, subject to such changes as are necessitated by a fundamental disequilibrium. It would be a valuable plan if the fixed rates tied the money units to something of stable value. But the money units are tied to gold, and gold fluctuates with the dollar.

Changes in the value of the dollar and of gold, such as its decline

1946-1948, its recovery in 1949, and the further decline now in rogress, impose what is really a " fundamental disequilibrium " on l the money units linked to the dollar and to gold. So the " plea r flexible exchanges " is by no means the " outright challenge " to ie International Monetary Fund that Mr. Schwarz supposes. n the contrary, the outright challenge is from the monetary policy hich allows fluctuations in the purchasing power of a unit of gold, ich as have emanated from the United States in the last five years. Vhen an expanding or contracting flow of money causes a fresh ndamental disequilibrium every few weeks, fixed rates of exchange re intolerable.

What then ought to be done ? There are lessons to be learnt om the past. A system of flexible exchanges worked quite smoothly om the suspension of the gold standard in 1931 to the outbreak of ar in 1939. Given the technical resources of modern banking ractice, it need not be any impediment to trade. By contrast with it, ie current practice of clinging to a fixed parity till the course of vents makes it intolerable, and even then only altering it when peculation forces the Government's hand, is surely disastrous.

Can the purchasing power of the money unit be effectively con-olled ? In the nineteenth century there was a genuinely independent ionetary standard. There was a free and active world market n gold, in which were pooled and cleared all the demands for gold, or coinage for monetary reserves and for industry. The banks earnt so to regulate the terms on which they granted credits as to onform to the gold standard. The flow of credit determined the ow of money, and the flow of money determined the price level and vage level. I point to this experience, not by way of advocating a eturn to the gold standard, for, as worked in the nineteenth century, t was admittedly an imperfect monetary standard, but as evidence f the power of the banking system to regulate the flow of money.

In the years of depression 1931-1939 the regulation of credit hrough bank rate fell into abeyance ; it was admitted on all hands hat a monetary expansion and a rise of prices were desirable, and the ifficulty was to tempt borrowers to come forward and start money noving. The question of putting a limit to a monetary expansion did ot arise, and, so long as that was so, there was no occasion to onsider a future monetary standard. At the present time the uestion of putting a limit to monetary expansion has become acute. f inflation is to be limited or avoided, an essential condition will be he selection of a rate of exchange consistent with that purpose. Undoubtedly the rate in the first instance must be raised. It was ever pretended that the rate of $2.80 adopted in September 1949 orresponded to comparative costs in Great Britain and the United

States at the time. Since then wages have been rising somewhat faster in Great Britain than in the United States, but not by so much as to make the rate of $2.80 economic. If the rate stands, the rise of wages will have a long way further to go.

Can we afford to raise the rate? Certainly we can, for one disastrous effect of the under-valuation of the pound is that British exports are being sold too cheap. A greater effort is put into the export drive, but the effort is largely spent in increasing the volume of exports, without any equivalent return in the proceeds of their sale. In any case the rise of wages is rapidly destroying the competitive advantage which devaluation gave the exporters.

But the selection of a suitable rate of exchange at the present time is only a starting point. So long as alternations of inflation and deflation prevail in the United States, a fixed dollar equivalent of the pound will transmit inflation and deflation to Great Britain. If we acquiesce in the inflation, and seek escape from deflation from time to time in further devaluation, we destine the pound to an indefinite degradation. If on the other hand the rate of exchange is raised when the flow of money expands in the United States, it can be lowered when the reaction sets in, and the value of the pound in goods held stable.

Would that mean surrendering the advantages of stable rates of exchange? Far from it, for a stable pound would be better qualified to play its part as an international currency to which other units could safely be linked at fixed rates. The dollar itself might be stabilized. American policy is not altogether blind to the need for counteracting inflationary and deflationary tendencies. But its intervention is limited to expedients and palliatives, and there seems no immediate prospect of anything more systematic.

Stabilization of the purchasing power of a money unit is probably unattainable without a return to the traditional methods of regulating credit. And there are signs that opinion is coming round to a revival of bank rate policy.

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SOVIET SATELLITE ARMIES IN EUROPE—II

By K. M. Smogorzewski

THE sovietization of the Rumanian and Hungarian armies was a slower and more difficult process than that of the Polish and Czechoslovak forces* for two main reasons. First, in the Danubian countries the Kremlin could neither appeal to the so-called Slavonic solidarity under the leadership of the Russian big brother, nor use to the same extent the possibility of a new German drive to the east. Nothing cements an alliance more securely than the existence of a common enemy, but for Rumania and Hungary the Kremlin is unable to produce any bogey better than " American Imperialism ".

Secondly, in Rumania and Hungary there were no ready-made sources from which the officer cadres of a Communist army could be drawn immediately, whereas in Poland the Kremlin could use the one and a half million-strong Polish minority which was left in the Soviet Union by the Polish-Soviet peace treaty signed at Riga in 1921, and in Czechoslovakia there existed relatively the strongest Communist party west of the U.S.S.R. and east of Germany.

* * * *

In Rumania the anti-German *coup d'état* of August 23, 1944, was so successful that King Michael was able to put 14 Rumanian divisions at the disposal of Marshal Rodion Yakovlevich Malinovsky, commander of the 2nd Ukrainian army group. But nothing could save either Michael's crown or the national structure of Rumania. Immediately after the capitulation of Germany Rumanian divisions returned home to be demobilized, purged of " fascist " officers and " democratized " by the injection into each active division of a group of officers and n.c.o's from the " Tudor Vladimirescu " and " Horia-Closca-Crisan " divisions† recruited in Russia in 1943 from among Rumanian prisoners of war. Nicolae Cambrea, commander of this division, was made brigadier by Marshal Stalin.

The build-up of the new Rumanian army began in December 1947

* See " Soviet Satellite Armies in Europe—I " The Fortnightly, September 1951.

† Tudor Vladimirescu led a peasant revolt in 1821 against the Phanariote boyars in Moldavia and Valachia. Horia Closca and Crisan were the leaders of a Rumanian peasant revolt in 1784 against the Magyar landowners in Transylvania.

when the Kremlin decided by appointing Emil Bodnaras, a Ukrainian Communist from Bukovina, whose real name was Bodnarciuk, as minister of national defence with the rank of colonel general, to compel the king's abdication. For it was manifestly impossible for Michael to concur in the appointment of a man who, while serving in the Rumanian army as first lieutenant of artillery, had been a member of the underground Communist party and a Soviet spy, and as such had deserted to Russia in 1932.

Emil Bodnaras, however, is only a figurehead for the Soviet military mission under General N. N. Kolganov which took in hand the organization, instruction and re-equipment of the Rumanian army. Officially, the Ministry of National Defence and high command are directed by Rumanian citizens. General Wilhelm Suter, a Transylvanian German, is first deputy minister of national defence; General Leonte Salageanu, former engineer at an aircraft factory, is second deputy minister of national defence and chief of staff. Two officers of the "old" army, Generals Leu Romanescu and Petre Draganescu, were Salageanu's deputies and technical advisers, but Romanescu was shot in August 1950 as an "American spy". At the beginning of 1951 the order of battle was as follows:

Military Areas	*Units*	*Headquarters*
I. Iasi (Jassy)	Iasi (Infantry Division)	Târgul Mures (Mountain Brigade)
II. Bucharest	Sinaia (Mountain Brigade)	Brasov (Infantry division)
	Pitesti (Infantry Division)	
III. Cluj	Cluj (Infantry Division)	Sibiu (Infantry Division)
	Arad (Motorised division)	Lipova (Armoured brigade)

So far, only the Cluj military area has full active strength but three other big units are in course of formation. The Cluj commander is General Cambrea, of the "Tudor Vladimirescu" fame, but as a pupil of the pre-war Rumanian staff college he is far from being secure.

The air force is still small and consists of only one regiment (group) of fighters and another of light bombers. The navy, with headquarters at Galats, is negligible: it comprises two antiquated destroyers and one submarine; there is also a flotilla of six Danubian monitors based on Braila. The Soviet naval officer Captain Ivan Romaniuk is in charge of the Rumanian and Bulgarian navies. The forces of the interior include eight brigades of frontier guards and 12 regiments of security troops. The effectives of the Rumanian armed forces comprise 325,000 men instead of the 120,000 stipulated by article 11 of the Rumanian peace treaty signed in Paris on February 10, 1947*. General Dumitru Petrescu, a Communist leader and

* In a speech before the Yugoslav National Assembly on December 28, 1950, Marshal Tito estimated the Rumanian army at 300,000, a figure known to include frontier guards but not the security troops. M. Vladimir Dedijer, a member of the Politburo of the Yugoslav Communist party and a close friend of Marshal Tito, speaking in London on July 15, 1951, said that the present-day Rumanian army was 432,000.

rmer engine driver, the third deputy minister of national defence, s charge of the department of political education.

* * * *

The first post-war Hungarian minister of national defence, General nos Vörös, was arrested in January 1946 for alleged conspiracy ainst the republic and his fate is unknown ; his successor was the asant leader Peter Veres, who resisted the sovietization of the army d was forced to resign in September 1947. He in turn was suc- eded by Mihaly Farkas (Moritz Löwy), a member of the Politburo the Hungarian Workers' (Communist) party. The creation of a w Hungarian army, under the supervision of a strong Soviet litary mission, began with the promotion of Mihaly Farkas to full neral. The commander-in-chief, obviously a figurehead, is eneral Geza Revesz, a man born in Russia in 1916, the son of a ngarian n.c.o. prisoner of war and a Russian peasant girl. The l commander-in-chief of the Hungarian army is General Vladimir trovich Sviridov.

From 1946 the chief of staff was General György Palfi-Oesterreicher io, on October 24, 1949, was sentenced as the accomplice of the Titoist " Laszlo Rajk and executed the same day. His successor is General Laszlo Solyom-Schick, a lieutenant of the " old " army io joined the Communist party in 1944. He, too, was arrested in ptember 1950 and his fate is unknown. On October 6, 1950, he is succeeded by General Istvan Batz-Bata, who like his two pre- cessors, is a superficially Magyarized member of the German nority.

The order of battle of the Hungarian army in March 1951 was as llows :

Military Areas	*Division Headquarters*	
I. Budapest	Budapest (1st)	Kecskemet (5th)
II. Debrecen	Debrecen (2nd)	Miskolc (6th)
II. Kiskunfelegyhaza	Kiskunfelegyhaza (3rd)	Szolnok (7th)
IV. Pecs	Pecs (4th)	Szekesfehervar (8th)

n armoured division was in course of formation and three motor- d divisions were planned. The air force is still small, consisting of o fighter regiments and one parachute battalion based on Papa. he forces of the interior included four brigades of frontier guards der General Laszlo Piros, former vice-president of the Trade nions' Confederation, and eight regiments of security troops under eneral Gabor Peter. The armed forces have 185,000 effectives, most three times the limit of 65,000 fixed by article 12 of the Hun-

garian peace treaty.*

General Sandor Nogradi, a Communist leader, is third deput minister of national defence and chief of the army political educatio When in August 1950 Soviet military regulations were made compu sory in the Hungarian army, Nogradi explained in a speech that thi reform would inject " a new warrior Communist spirit " into th army. " Having learned Stalinist strategy and tactics," he added " our armed forces will be ready to fight and to win. Only b applying such strategy and tactics will the liberation of all the people be achieved."

* * * *

Bulgaria's military value from the Soviet point of view was alway as an indispensable base for possible operation against either Turke or Greece or both. Since the Titoist heresy Bulgaria has becom the essential corner-stone of Soviet strategy in Europe. Althoug it has a population of seven million inhabitants and is economicall poor, it has, comparatively speaking, the strongest and best-traine army among the Soviet satellites.

Bulgarians are excellent soldiers but have not always been well le on some of their statesmen resting responsibility for the country' defeat in the Balkan wars of 1912-1913 and in the 1914-1918 wa In the 1939-1945 war King Boris tried to out-fox his father : h refused Soviet protection at the beginning of 1940, allowed th country to be occupied by the Germans a year later, himself occupie the Macedonian parts of Yugoslavia and Greece but refused to fight th Soviet Union as Germany's ally. All this did not save Bulgaria from declaration of war on behalf of the U.S.S.R. which was the onl way—here, as everywhere else in Europe—to organize a Communi " revolution " under the protection of Soviet armies of occupation.

In September 1944 the Bulgarian army had a complement of mo than 14 divisions, and this entire force was put at the disposal o Marshal Fyodor Ivanovich Tolbukhin, commander of the 3r Ukrainian army group, against Germany. Immediately after th German capitulation, the Bulgarian divisions were sent home to b demobilized and there began a ruthless purge of the officers' corp By 1949, out of 3,500 officers who had taken part in the 1944-194 campaign which brought the Bulgarian army as far as Lake Balato in Hungary, only 150 remained on the army list, as technician and teachers in military schools. At the same time 3,000 new officer trained under the supervision of the Soviet military mission, forme

* Marshal Tito in December 1950 estimated the Hungarian army at 165,000 and M. Dedij estimated it in July 1951 at 200,000. The bulk of the information on the Hungarian army is bas on an interview given on December 3, 1950, to the former commander of the Pecs military are who succeeded in escaping to the British zone of Austria.

e cadres of the new Bulgarian army. Many veteran officers of the 944-1945 campaign were arrested, charged with various crimes, and ntenced to death or imprisonment. Among the accused was eneral Kyril Stanchev, commander of the 2nd Bulgarian army, who October 1947 was sentenced to life imprisonment.

The new army command was formed in October 1949. General etr Panchevski, a Soviet officer of Bulgarian origin, who had served s colonel on Marshal Tolbukhin's staff, was made lieutenant-eneral and appointed minister of national defence and commander-n-chief. General Asen Grekov, another Soviet officer of Bulgarian rigin, who served on Marshal Malinovsky's staff, was also made eneral and appointed chief of staff. General Ivan Kinov, Grekov's redecessor, and General Boyan Bulgaronov, chief of political ducation at the Ministry of National Defence, were both arrested n connection with the alleged Kostov conspiracy. They are in rison and likely to be put on trial for interpreting their duty as leading Communists as being to serve their country first and the Soviet Jnion second.

The order of battle of the Bulgarian army is as follows :

Military Areas	*Division Headquarters*	
I. Sofia	1st Infantry, Sofia	1st Mechanized, Sofia
	6th Infantry, Vratsa	7th Infantry, Dupnitsa
II. Plovdiv	2nd Infantry, Plovdiv	8th Infantry, Stara Zagora
	2nd Mechanized, Haskovo	
III. Varna	5th Infantry, Russe	4th Infantry, Shumen
	3rd Infantry, Sliven	3rd Mechanized, Kazanlyk

The Bulgarian mechanized division comprised at the beginning of 1951 one reconnaissance motorized battalion, one regiment of 85 tanks, one motorized infantry regiment and one motorized artillery regiment. In addition to these 11 divisions, Bulgaria, alone among the satellites, has three cavalry brigades, with headquarters at Yambol, Shumen (Kolarovgrad) and Sofia.

Up to March 1951 the independent artillery divisions had not yet been organized, but there were three motorized artillery regiments (Sofia, Haskovo and Shumen), three regiments of mountain pack artillery (Razlog, Asenovgrad and Trgovishte), three regiments of anti-tank artillery (Kustendil, Chirpan and Razgrad), three anti-aircraft artillery regiments (Sofia, Kazanlyk and Yambol) and two coastal artillery regiments at Burgas and Varna (Stalin).

The air force, exclusively tactical, included one fighter division, one fighter-bomber division and one bomber division, made up of two regiments (groups) each. The Bulgarian navy being practically non-existent, the ports of Varna and Burgas were under the protection of the Soviet navy. The forces of the interior included five brigades of frontier guards and eight regiments of security troops.

In all, the Bulgarian armed forces comprised 210,000 effectives, almost four times as many as the 55,000 limit imposed by article 9 of the Paris peace treaty.*

* * * *

The Albanian army is small and consists only of three divisions stationed at Tirana, Shkodër (Scutari) and Vlorë (Valona)—with one battalion of some 40 tanks attached to each division. To keep this army at full strength represents, however, a very great financial burden for a poor and backward country of some 1,200,000 inhabitants. General Enver Hoxha, the prime minister and foreign minister, is also minister of national defence and commander-in-chief, with General Bekir Baluku as his chief of staff. There are five battalions of frontier guards and four battalions of security troops. In all, there are 50,000 men armed with the Soviet Tokarev rifle, which is no longer in use in the Soviet army.† All this would be insufficient to protect not only the external but also even the internal security of the precarious Communist régime. In view of the great strategic importance of Albania the Soviet Union is doing its utmost to keep the country under its control. Nevertheless, it is noteworthy that Albania alone among the satellites was not admitted to the privilege of a formal treaty of friendship and mutual aid with the Soviet Union.

The island of Saseno, which commands not only Valona Bay but also the Otranto Channel, is transformed into a sort of Soviet Gibraltar. There are concrete hangars for submarines, 220 mm. guns and a regiment of Soviet marines ; another regiment of Soviet marines is stationed at Valona. There is also a Soviet air division in Albania with three fighter squadrons, one bombing squadron and two transport squadrons. In all, the Soviet military personnel in Albania is estimated at 5,000, the officer commanding this force being Rear Admiral Igor Rzhevsky.

* * * *

Although its tactical expression has altered, Soviet policy in Germany remains to-day unchanged from that of 1945, the aim being to institute within the Potsdam frontiers a people's democracy ; only such a solution would include the western German industrial

* Whereas Marshal Tito estimated the Bulgarian army at 195,000, the Greek General Staff put it at 210,000 (*Stratiotika Nea*, Athens, October 1950). The military correspondent of the Athens newspaper *Embros* reported on January 24, 1951, that Bulgaria had 12 divisions under arms ; on the other hand, Turkish military circles give the figure as 11 divisions.

† *Stratiotika Nea*, already quoted, estimated the Albanian army at more than 55,000. Mr. Harold Macmillan, M.P., said in the House of Commons on February 14, 1951, that there were nearly 4,000 Russian " technicians " at Valona alone. (*Hansard*, vol. 484, col. 432.)

ea in the Soviet-controlled heartland extending from Kamchatka Saarbrücken. As the goal of the three western signatories of the otsdam agreement is to revive German unity under a truly demo- atic and freely elected government and to incorporate a Germany us regenerated in a peaceful European community, no compromise possible between the two conceptions. The Berlin crisis in 1949 nvinced the Russians that the western powers were serious in their eclarations and the Kremlin was made aware that the German roblem was to be solved, even if only provisionally, by the partition the country into two States.

No Communist State can exist without a trusted praetorian guard nd as early as in June 1949 the Soviet Military Administration ecided on the formation of such a force. Major General Gorokhov, ead of the S.M.A. Department for Internal Affairs, was the first rganizer of armed police in the Soviet zone. Officially, however, urt Fischer and Wilhelm Zaisser, two old-time Communists, ere in charge. In July 1948 the one became chairman of the entral Administration for the Interior in the Soviet zone, and ie other, who as "General Gomez" had commanded one of the ternational brigades in the Spanish Civil War, was appointed chief the *Verwaltung für Schulung* (Administration for Schooling). he first *Bereitschaften* (alert units) were formed in September 1948 nd a month later, at a press conference in Berlin, General Sir Brian obertson, the British military governor, revealed to the world the xistence of these para-military units.

When the first government of the Eastern German Democratic epublic was formed in October 1949, Wilhelm Zaisser became chief of ie *Hauptverwaltung für Ausbildung* (Main Administration for Training) the Ministry of the Interior. Poor health prevented Fischer, ho died in 1950, from joining the cabinet, and another Communist, arl Steinhoff, was appointed minister of the interior. In February 950 Wilhelm Zaisser's organization became the Ministry of State ecurity (*Staatssicherheitsministerium*) and he remained minister the second eastern German cabinet formed in November 1950. Ieanwhile, the Soviet Military Administration became the oviet Control Commission and Marshal Vasily Danilovich Soko- vsky was succeeded by Colonel General Vasily Ivanovich Chuykov, ho became directly responsible for the creation of the German rmed forces to Marshal Bulganin, head of the Bureau of the Allied rmies in Moscow. Ivan Semichastnov, deputy chairman of the oviet Control Commission, a general of the Soviet security troops ough masquerading as a civilian, and Major General Petrakovsky, f the Soviet General Staff, transmit Russian orders to the three erman lieutenant-generals, Wilhelm Zaisser, the minister, Karl

Maron, the commander of the *Bereitschaften*, and Kurt Hoffman, the inspector general. Under this trio of trusted Communists a group of former officers of the Wehrmacht are working as experts in training organization and planning.

Because of lack of good generals among German Communists and also because at this stage it was politically imperative to make use of the names of prominent Wehrmacht leaders, Wilhelm Zaisser was instructed by Moscow to secure the collaboration of Field Marshal Friedrich von Paulus and Colonel-General Walther von Seydlitz who were members of the Free German Committee organized in Moscow in 1943. Both refused but many other generals, former prisoners of war, accepted. Some of these had been pupils of the " Antifa " (anti-Fascist indoctrination) schools such as that of Krasnogorsk.

Most prominent among the collaborators are General Vincenz Müller, head of an office described as *Führungsstab* which has all the appearance of being the operations division of the general staff, and General Hans von Wülz, who is responsible for training. Five major generals, Arno von Lenski, Schubert, Martin von Lattmann, Weissenberger and Breithaupt, all former general staff officers, are serving as commanders of the *Volkspolizei* in the provinces of Brandenburg, Mecklenburg-Vorpommern, Saxony-Anhalt, Thuringia and Saxony.

Why do these German generals help Marshal Stalin to create a Red Wehrmacht ? The kindest explanation is that they are under the spell of the *Tauroggen-Mythus* and think they are following the example of the Prussian General Yorck von Wartenburg who, betraying Napoleon, plotted with the Russian General Count Dybich Zabalkansky. The situation in 1812 was, however, vastly different from the present one ; Prussian patriots could legitimately consider Napoleon the oppressor and Czar Alexander the defender if not of nations at least of dynasties. But the German generals deluded themselves if they think to use the Kremlin as an agency for achieving parochial aims ; when the new officers' cadres are ready they may expect to find themselves discarded.

There are 11 officer-training schools, with strengths of approximately a thousand each, and at least 39 *Bereitschaften*, or regiments organized as military formations of a particular arm or service, that is, infantry, artillery, armoured, signal, etc. Each *Bereitschaft* is subdivided into three *Kommandos* or battalions. By the end of 1951 there will be a sufficient number of trained officers to form ten divisions with a total establishment of some 250,000 men, including 50,000 security troops.*

* Protests have been made to the Soviet Government by the British, U.S. and French Governments against the rearmament of Eastern Germany. See the text of the British note in *The Times* of May 2 1950, and the U.S. note in the *U.S. Information Service* (London) of the same date.

This seems to be the limit which the Kremlin in its own interests not likely to exceed. Although admiring certain of their characteristics, the Russians do not trust the Germans and the Russian people ave reason to hate them. However, as the main object of Soviet olicy in Germany is to " liberate " the western zones from imperialist oppression, there must be a German army ready for the task. is anybody's guess how the Russians hope to succeed in this aim ithout unleashing a third war. Unquestionably, there has been no ore disturbing portent in Europe since 1945 than the decision to reate a Red Wehrmacht.

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In the table below is summarized the information which has merged from this examination of the military organization of the uropean satellites. The numbers quoted of effectives of armed orces comprise all servicemen, that is, not only " line " divisions but lso recruits in training, army artillery divisions and technical troops, ne air force, anti-aircraft defence and the navy. The forces of the nterior comprise frontier guards and security troops, excluding rdinary police or militia.

Country	Population (million)	Effectives		Active Divisions	
		Armed Forces	Forces of the Interior	March 1951	Spring 1952
Poland	25.0	410,000	100,000	16	20
Eastern Germany	17.3	70,000	50,000	0	10
Rumania	15.9	255,000	70,000	9	12
Czechoslovakia	12.4	190,000	60,000	8	12
Hungary	9.2	135,000	50,000	8	12
Bulgaria	7.1	170,000	40,000	11	11
Albania	1.2	40,000	10,000	3	3
Totals	88.1	1,270,000	380,000	55	80

Impressive though the figures are, they should, like most figures, be ualified. By 1952 there will be between the " iron curtain " and the Narva-Kiev-Odessa line some 165 divisions, but by 1953 the North tlantic Treaty powers will have in western Europe 60 divisions, xcluding the still problematic armed forces of western Germany. s the strength of an American or British division is almost equal o that of two Soviet or satellite divisions the unbalance of force ill not be as great as figures would suggest.

The west has and will maintain the absolute mastery of the seas. here is no chance that the Soviet air force would ever be superior o the combined air forces of the west, the industrial potential of hich is such that in the armament race forced upon the North Atlantic

Treaty powers by the Kremlin the Soviet Union must inevitably fall behind. Steel production, for instance, affords an ample illustration. In 1950 the Soviet Union claimed to have produced 27.6 million metric tons of steel and the combined production of the satellite countries allegedly reached 7.6 million tons. In the same year the United States alone produced 87.8 million metric tons, the United Kingdom 16.5 million and western Europe 28.1 million tons.

Of crude oil, the Soviet Union claimed to have extracted 37.6 million metric tons and its satellites 6.7 million tons out of the 1950 world production of 522.8 million tons. Control of almost all the remaining production was in the hands of the United States, the United Kingdom and their allies.

Extremely effective as a fighting force, the Soviet army could not alone even dream of winning a major war. It is for this reason that Marshal Stalin organizes with such " paternal solicitude " the satellite divisions which in a year or two will be as good as the Soviet divisions from the point of view of training, equipment and officering. But what of the spirit of these armies ? Are they ready to die for Stalin ? The morale of an army cannot differ from the spirit of the nation it represents. Here the answer is that the nations of eastern Europe are not victims of mendacious Soviet propaganda. Among the oppressed and exploited peoples Moscow will not succeed in arousing hatred against the west in general and the United States in particular. The eastern European nations are not the allies of the Kremlin : they are its janissaries. By dynamic statesmanship and a clear demonstration of military strength on the part of the western nations the satellite nations not only might be neutralized as accessories of Russian power but also secured as allies of the west.

DEVELOPMENT IN AFRICA

By A. Sillery

THE Overseas Resources Development Act of 1948 established two corporations : the Colonial Development Corporation with a capital of one hundred million pounds and the Overseas ood Corporation with fifty million pounds. The second need not tain us ; its aim was to relieve commodity shortages as quickly as ssible, and it came to grief on its " first object ", the East African roundnut Scheme, with a loss of thirty-six million pounds, in a elter of controversy and music hall jokes.

The aims of the Development Corporation were deeper, more gnificant and of longer term. They were to secure " the investiga- on, formulation and carrying out of projects for developing sources of colonial territories with a view to the expansion of roduction therein of foodstuffs and raw materials, or for other gricultural, industrial or trade development therein." An over- mplified comparison of the objects of the two corporations may be ated thus : the Food Corporation (which for the sake of the illus- ation we will mention once more now, and then dismiss from our inds) was primarily concerned with the speedy provision of food— pecially vegetable oil—to Britain. The Development Corporation, n the other hand, was created " for the purpose of improving the andard of living of the Colonial peoples by increasing their pro- uctivity and wealth."* That its activities would in the end result in n increase in the world's supplies was a desirable, but still secondary ctor.

It must not however be thought that the Development Corporation as another Colonial Development and Welfare Fund, a financial xpression of the Mother Country's goodwill towards her colonies. ather was it, as it were, the commercial counterpart of that fund and ie board were enjoined, by section 15 of the Act, " so to exercise and erform their functions as to secure that their revenues are not less an sufficient to meet all sums properly chargeable to their revenue ccount . . . taking one year with another." In other words, hough a certain measure of supra-commercial risk is permitted, the orporation is a commercial concern and is expected to break about ven. It might accept a number of speculative risks over its whole

* Annual Report for 1948.

field of operations but it would hope and expect that some of its undertakings would make profits large enough to set off losses.

The board set about their duties with energy. A large number of projects, in various stages of preparation, were received from the colonies. Some were accepted after investigation. By the end of 1949 no less than 28 had been launched of which 12 were in Africa. The African projects include a cement factory in Northern Rhodesia, a rice farm and a poultry farm in the Gambia, a tung estate in Nyasaland, participation in industry in Kenya, fisheries in West and Central Africa, forestry in East Africa and Swaziland, and an African settlement scheme at Mokwa in Nigeria. All these enterprises may fairly be represented as commercial undertakings calculated to enhance the prosperity of the territories concerned—though one, the Gambia poultry farm, has since failed—while some tend directly to the welfare of the people, by improving their diet or by providing a market for their labour. It is a pity that the principles on which most of them are based should be a generation out of date. In fact, the very conception of the corporation, at least as demonstrated in its early activities, is out of tune with modern Africa.

The change in Africa during the last 25 years is perhaps not fully nor widely understood. Occasionally such occurrences as the Gold Coast elections, to which publicity is given in the press, remind the stay-at-home Englishman that a new political consciousness, increasingly urgent and sometimes unruly, is spreading throughout Africa. The African is asking questions and is demanding a larger (indeed a full) share in determining his destiny. He not only feels able to play a greater—in extreme cases, an exclusive—part in his own government, but he also thinks, rightly or wrongly, that he can effectively control his own financial and economic affairs and enjoy larger direct returns from any increase in the material prosperity of his country. He is suspicious of European companies, corporations and concessionaires. On the one hand he resents the profits that they make ; on the other he tends to overlook his own share in the benefits flowing from royalties and other taxes and dues, since these are occult and indirect. In general his relations with such organizations are those of a labourer or of a subordinate employee and he has no say in the distribution of wealth which, he understands, is derived from his country and with his direct assistance. Even in the application of the Colonial Development and Welfare Fund, where Governments are at great pains to carry the people with them, this kind of suspicion persists. " Government ", says the African, " never does anything for nothing ; therefore there must be a catch in it somewhere." More and more it is becoming plain, at least to workers in the field, that prosperity must be stimulated from below, from the people, with their full co-operation and partnership, and that the temptation to

nfer it from above must be resisted. Just as Mary, in T. S. Eliot's *mily Reunion*, resented that in her childhood

> . . . . . it all seemed to be imposed on us ;
> Even the nice things were laid out ready,
> And the treats were all so carefully prepared ;
> There was never any time to invent our own enjoyments.

o a man, when he has advanced, dislikes and distrusts having his rosperity ordered for him, in ways that he cannot understand.

In the political sphere the ability of the African to take a larger iare in his own government has been fully recognized, but the annual ports of the corporation for 1948 and 1949, apart from some ther vague references to co-operative farming and settlement, iow almost no sign of parallel recognition on the commercial de—an exception is the Mokwa scheme in Nigeria. Unlike the olonial Development and Welfare Fund, the corporation is not ermitted to find its reward in the better standard of living which ie people enjoy as a result of its activities ; it must also pay its way. o the emphasis has been on a certain brisk efficiency, well-qualified uropean supervision, and no nonsense from the country or its imate or its people. This has allowed no time for the winning over nd education to the point of co-operation of conservative peasants, hose rôle in most of the projects falls very far short of partnership. ndeed one has sensed that in some cases the presence of resident latives in a prospective field of operations is regarded by the orporation's executives as a rather tiresome incidental, an obstacle o be surmounted before the project can have full scope. Where ieir rights are affected, the people have been consulted, no doubt ; ut once they have given their consent to a scheme there has rarely, if ver, been any question of giving them a decisive say in the manner of s execution. In spite of its excellent motives, parliamentary super- sion and, it seems, an intention to plough back certain profits into irther development, the corporation has till now presented to the frican the appearance of just another of those investment companies iat have exploited Africa in the past, with the difference that it eceives from colonial Governments concessions which—at least in ecent times—have not been enjoyed by its predecessors.

Lately, however, one senses a change. The necessity for co- peration with the people whom it is intended to benefit is beginning o be realized, and an ex-Member of Parliament has been engaged by ie corporation to promote this emerging trend of policy. Whether ie selection is altogether a happy one it is too early to say. On the ice of it the post might have been more suitably filled by one with a etter understanding of the needs and fears of colonial peoples, and iore tolerance of individual wishes and idiosyncrasies than a Socialist olitician is likely to possess. However that may be, it is important

to understand that it is not sufficient to obtain the backing of traders legislative councillors and notables. It is essential to catch the imagination of the peasant, so to persuade him that the operations of the corporation are to his benefit as to get him to identify himself with them—a much more difficult task.

The change in attitude is also reflected in the annual report for 1950, where co-operation is mentioned in forthright fashion for the first time : " It is desirable that colonial peoples should be able to understand, approve of and co-operate in the Corporation's schemes and objectives " and the report goes on to describe the steps that have been taken to bring this about.

One notes too that both in the project for wattle growing in Tanganyika and in that relating to soft-woods in Swaziland, it is now the intention, which was not apparent in previous reports, to assist the local Africans, in Tanganyika to establish plantations of their own and in Swaziland to re-afforest their own lands.

Apart from the fact that " desirable " is too weak a word to describe the necessity for African co-operation, this statement of policy, and the few examples where that policy has been applied, are all to the good. Its effectiveness will much depend on how far the corporation can put it across to executives in the field and how far colonial Governments will guard against any signs of default. It cannot be too firmly emphasized that nothing short of full and equal participation by the African in undertakings that immediately affect him will meet the case. Even where the demand does not at present exist we must anticipate it, for it will surely come.

There must of course be exceptions. For example, one projected activity is the establishment and management of hotels. It is unlikely that any African would desire, or indeed have any strong claim, to participate in an undertaking such as this, except indirectly in the stimulus that a hotel would bring to the prosperity of the territory. Various industrial schemes may fall into a similar category. But the principle of participation holds good in every activity in which the African is interested and which impinges on his country and on his life. In other words and speaking very broadly, it would apply to trade, to the growing and selling of crops and livestock, and to the exploitation of minerals (whether the rights in these have been assumed by Government or not) in any area owned or occupied by Africans or set aside for their use.

There is a feeling that African co-operation involves delay and results in inefficiency. Communism, it is said, threatens Africa and will batten on the African's poverty. Wealth must therefore be pumped in quickly in order to avert the threat. This argument can be pushed too far. It is doubtful whether you really win back a potential Communist by giving him a new suit. In any case the

nefits accruing from most of the corporation's present under-kings are too indirect for the individual to appreciate, while its ucture and methods are too reminiscent of old-fashioned capitalism buttress loyalty or to inspire enthusiasm. A generous and nfident partnership might well provide the weapon wherewith to mbat the economic ideology of Communism.

We need not be unduly dismayed by the prospect of delay, if by lay we mean the failure to get quick results. We should by now ve learned the folly of over-optimism on that score. Provided at we waste no time in getting things going on a footing which to e African appears to give him fair opportunities, he will give us edit for our intentions and will be patient. The inefficiency argu-ent, on our present record, is not convincing.

The ways in which partnership can profitably be exercised are any : strong African representation on the boards of commercial quasi-commercial undertakings, responsible positions in the anagement of schemes, shareholding tenancies, joint co-operative cieties ; all these suggest themselves as possibilities. Classic amples of one form or another of co-operation are the Gezira heme in the Sudan and the Kilimanjaro Native Co-operative Union Tanganyika ; while one awaits with interest the result of a ipartite arrangement in the Bechuanaland Protectorate between overnment, the local tribe and a commercial company for the xploitation of minerals. Then we have the examples sponsored y the Colonial Development Corporation itself : the Mokwa heme, described in the 1950 Annual Report as " one of the most teresting and satisfactory of the Corporation's projects " ; wattle lanting in Tanganyika and, of its kind, afforestation in Swaziland. ne looks forward to the time when all projects, except those in which ie interest of the African is so remote as to be negligible, shall be lanned and operated on a basis of African participation.

Of course there may be disappointments, but the present system as provided disappointments too. Of one thing however we may e sure and that is that there is no more certain way to disaster than fail to secure the support of the people in whose country operations ke place. They must be given the chance to identify themselves ith their economic development no less than with their political nergence. And in this context we must think not only of the resent generation but also of the African as he will be ten or 20 ears hence.

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INQUEST ON THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR

By William C. Atkinson

IN July 1936 General Franco asked Italy for twelve transport or bombing 'planes, declaring that with their aid he would win his civil war within a few days. Before the war ended, almost three years later, the Italian contribution had grown to over 1,000 'planes, 6,000 dead, and 14 billion lire ; Germany's was valued at close on 500 million RM. The conflagration, that time and again threatened to set Europe too on fire, was one more illustration of the peculiar capacity inherent in the smouldering cauldron of Spanish politics for dividing not merely a country but a continent into violently opposed camps, and therefore of the interest that all sane elements in Europe have in preventing that cauldron from erupting. Only Spaniards can hope to extinguish its fires.

Fifteen years is too short a period for historical objectivity where passions were so stirred and memories are still so vivid. But if objectivity ever is to be attained, it will be less by allowing indifference to grow on the mere lapse of years than by a succession of cooling processes as successive liftings of official veils let in cold factual light on just what happened, and how, and why. The issue of the 1939-1945 war, which has been the decisive factor in determining what General Franco was able to make of his victory, has now made possible the publication of the diplomatic history of the struggle as seen from Berlin.* The volume is admirably edited, without discoverable bias in its 951 pages ; and if the reading of diplomatic source-books on this scale be an acquired taste, those who possess it may learn much here both of contemporary history and of human nature.

The 811 documents provide material for divers inquests : on German foreign policy in the years immediately preceding the gambler's final throw, a policy which, if opportunist, does not emerge from these pages as particularly Machiavellian ; on the sustained play-acting of the London Non-Intervention Committee, that sorry farce of the innocents at home ; on the ultimate price paid by mankind at large for the failure of the democracies, and Russia, to call the bluff of Italy and Germany, whose initial apprehensions over

* *Documents on German Foreign Policy* 1918-1945. Series D (1937-1945). Vol. III : *Germany and the Spanish Civil War* 1936-1939. From the archives of the German Foreign Ministry. H.M. Stationery Office. 25s.

e consequences of the Spanish adventure were very real. When the vil War was already a year old, Germany's Spanish policy was still nditioned by the over-riding need to avoid a world war. Hitler d Mussolini took the measure of western weakness much more curately than western diplomacy did of their strength.

For an interim inquest on the Civil War itself the evidence is cessarily incomplete. Germany was as indifferently informed of ues and events on the Republican side as Great Britain was of ose on the Nationalists'. It may be good ethics not to maintain tations with parties of which one disapproves, but for the intelligent rsuit and defence of one's own interests it makes as good sense as uld a refusal of Scotland Yard to inform itself of any but good izens. Since General Franco won in the end, however, the evidence the German archives throws light where historian and student current affairs alike most need it ; and the quality of German plomatic reporting was high. Sidelights abound also, in des-tches both from Spain and from the German Embassy in Rome, the extent of Italian intervention and — this not without a certain *chadenfreude* — on the Spanish opinion of Italian fighting quality. The entire rôle of the Italian divisions in Spain has been a tragedy," id the Generalissimo to Ambassador von Faupel in July 1937, and was prepared to raise no objections, from the military standpoint, their withdrawal provided they left their equipment.

Unfortunately there were other viewpoints, especially—on the alian side—that of prestige, and the Italian reaction to Guadalajara as a proposal to send poison gas to Spain. Mussolini held for his rt that the Spanish Nationalists " were obviously lacking in fensive spirit and also in personal bravery " ; at most the Spaniards were very good soldiers but had no idea of modern warfare." His fficulty, as he became more and more embroiled in a struggle that lied all the calculations, was psychological. Having said " a ", quote a phrase that recurs several times in these documents, he as determined to go on to " b ". And, " b " leading likewise to c, " there seemed no limit to his involvement while there were letters the alphabet. True, he was playing for higher stakes. Germany, itially at least, confessed to no higher interest in the matter than the revention of a Bolshevist victory in Spain. Italy wanted to enmesh pain beyond escape in her own Mediterranean policy or, at the very ast, to rule out any possibility of political co-operation between pain and France or England. For Portugal the issue was much mpler, and more immediate. " A Red Spain would inevitably sult in a Red Portugal," and Salazar promised General Franco om the beginning that he would help his cause with all available eans.

What no one, and he least of all, had foreseen was the duration

of the struggle. Of the many actors in the tragedy, Time stands ou as the most inexorable. " The quick occupation of Madrid is c decisive political importance," Berlin represented very emphaticall to General Franco in October 1936 ; the capital held out throug a 28-months' siege. "It must be admitted that time is not in ou favour in Spain," said Berlin, still in the autumn of 1936, adding fo Germany's part too now that, having said " a ", one must go on t " b ". But beyond " b " Germany was at first not inclined to go " Unless we wanted to accept the risk of war," wrote von Neurath a Foreign Minister in January 1937, " we would have to realize that th time was drawing near when we would have to abandon any furthe support of Franco." " Germany refuses to permit the Spanis crisis to lead to war," Weizsäcker, then Director of the Political Depart ment, noted six months later. " At present. . .the opposing side . . would have an incomparably better point of departure both politicall and militarily."

In January 1938, the new Ambassador von Stohrer reported fro Salamanca that forces in Spain were again equally balanced and tim was once more working against General Franco. Afraid of risking a drive into Aragon, which could have been the decisive blow bu failure in which might equally have lost him the war, he still lean to the simpler operation against Madrid. By June 1938 air superior ity lay with the Republicans ; by September, with the military situation now " very unsatisfactory ", violent scenes between th Generalissimo and his generals were multiplying, and von Stohre gave it as the considered opinion of German and Italian military authorities in Spain a month later that, without new great sacrifices in material and supplies by his two allies, it was inconceivable tha General Franco could win the war militarily in the foreseeable future

This Fabian in the field came close on occasion to exhausting th patience of Führer and Duce. For five months in the first winte of the war, apart from the taking of Málaga, virtually nothing wa achieved. In the attack on Bilbao in the spring of 1937 he took 1 weeks to cover 25 miles, notwithstanding a great superiority i artillery and planes. After the Republican crossing of the Ebro i July 1938, close on three months were needed to win back, at a cos of 33,000 men, what the enemy had occupied in two days. There were reasons. The Italians, very sensitive to Spanish opinion afte Guadalajara, and threatened by Mussolini that not a man of them should leave Spain alive if they failed to avenge that defeat, sulked like Achilles in their tents for weeks on end and could not be persuaded to launch even the smallest attack. Guerrilla warfare, notably i Asturias after the fall of Gijón in October 1937, was carefully con cealed from the outside world, but its scale was such as to make Teruel possible and to rule out the projected renewal of the offensive

inst Madrid. At times an S.O.S. from General Franco to Berlin eals the total exhaustion of his ammunition and the imminent ger of a Nationalist collapse. His allies reproached him with rificing their manpower while never ordering a general mobiliza- n of his own. The answer was again lack of armament and the leasant fact that an estimated 40 per cent. of the population ind his lines was politically unreliable. Up to the very end, in sequence, he never had an army reserve, and any sizable enemy ack launched during a Nationalist offensive was enough to throw into confusion.

The Germans had other plaints. From the point of view of the eral staff officer, the higher command suffered from extremely dequate organization. " Franco actually did everything at head- rters himself." It suffered also from his obstinate refusal to give rmany and Italy the voice they claimed in the conduct of operations. ranco personally is a ruthlessly brave soldier, but whose military ning and experience do not fit him for the direction of operations their present scale," was von Faupel's judgment after the initial ure to take Madrid. " The training of officers and men," he went " is very poor. That of the Falangist militia can scarcely be d to exist." The greatest single need, on which the Germans ped unceasingly, was for assault units. With them the 11 weeks the Bilbao offensive could have been reduced to three. When neral Franco at length, and reluctantly, sanctioned training courses German officers, Nationalist losses were cut by one-half.

But the ultimate reason for the long and so bitterly drawn out test was best given by a liaison officer and interpreter at head- rters who had lived in Spain for many years and was said to know Generalissimo more intimately than any other German. Vilhelmi spoke very highly of the Spanish soldier. He praised the very of the Spanish troops and their disregard for death and was the opinion that with good training and good commanders the ting quality of the Spanish infantry could be called first-class. The t that the Reds were Spaniards, too, explained the great severity the fighting and the slowness of Franco's military victory. The ty of the Spaniard played an important part in his disregard for th ; also the centuries-old Arabic influence and the character of Iberian race, such as we knew it from the history of Numantia."

These documents suggest indeed that had there been no interven- n from any quarter, the character and duration of the war might e been little changed. As for its outcome, that hung so long in balance, there are grounds for thinking that this was decided in last analysis not by Franco, Hitler or Mussolini, but by the glo-French surrender at Munich on September 29, 1938. The ere defeat there suffered by Moscow, quite apart from its effect on

further reinforcements and supplies from Russia, brought about jus
that collapse of Republican morale on which Franco had long bee
banking as his only hope of a decisive victory. Having been held u
on the Ebro for four months, once across, in December 1938, he wa
in possession of Barcelona within a month. The taking of Barcelon
cost him a single casualty ; the entry into Madrid two months late
not even that. On April 1, 1939, the Civil War was officially declare
to be over, and one million dead and a country in ruins proclaime
how glorious the victory.

More interesting still, however, than the study in the light of thes
documents of how the war was fought is that of why. Asked in th
first weeks of battle whether it was not easier to conquer a countr
by force of arms than to win over the soul of its people, Genera
Franco replied that he did not conceive this latter to be his task. A
a soldier, he had felt it his duty to prevent the bolshevization of Spai
If successful in this, he would place himself with the army at th
service of any national movement supported by the mass of th
people. A year later he remarked to von Faupel that recognitio
had come very late in Portugal that the regulated police State ther
established required an ideological and party foundation. Thi
recognition had come to him too in the interval, and among the mos
revealing documents are the periodic analyses from Spain of th
attempt, following on the Decree of Unification merging Falange an
Traditionalists in April 1937, to give to an originally purely negativ
movement a positive content. In this life-and-death struggl
between the two Spains, as Berlin phrased it, one " nationalis
traditional, agrarian, monarchist, Catholic-clerical, now also strongl
oriented toward a social programme and syndicalism through th
influence of the Falange," the other " the Spain of the Liberal
Socialists, Communists, Anarchists, Freethinkers and Freemason
stemming in some ways from the French Revolution," it was clear t
Germany from the beginning that the former's prospects of surviva
after victory in the field would depend almost entirely on its soci
reforms, just as clear as that social questions lay at the root of th
war itself.

Here too there were difficulties : General Franco's insistence, lik
another Philip II, on keeping all the strings in his own hands (n
until January 1938 did he form a government with responsib
ministries) ; his awareness that in the sphere of social legislation he wa
out of his depth ; his determination to admit no challenge to h
personal position from the Falange (in April 1937 he arrested Hedill
leader of the Falange, and sentenced him to death on charges o
insubordination). To these the Germans added the no lesse
unsatisfactoriness of the Spaniard as political than as militar
material : " There is hardly a people in the world so difficult t

ndle as the Spanish," wrote von Stohrer. But Germany, interven- g to save Hedilla's life, kept urging ; and General Franco, who had ought for a moment of trying to take over parts of the Falangist ogramme without the Falange, ended by accepting both, though using himself to be proclaimed leader of the party and, in his most emorable phrase, " responsible only to God and history."

The Germans were ready also with advice on the rôle of the Church. ain had been at her greatest, under Charles V and Philip II, when r rulers forbade papal encroachment on her internal affairs, and at r weakest precisely when interference by the Vatican was most in idence. General Franco agreed ; he also was having to fight ainst the Vatican in this respect. As for the power of the Church in ain, he had thought at one stage that all that was necessary was to duce the wealthy among its leaders to make great sacrifices for the tional cause, and then to see to it that they never again had oppor- nity for enrichment. But this proved over-simple. The defence of ligion was too important a plank in his propaganda abroad, and if was to prevent the Falange from walking away with him at home could only be by playing off against it the clerical-traditionalist ement. Even Germany, once she realized that he was trying " to fect a synthesis between a social and a clerical course ", fought shy working openly with a Falange that still remained anti-clerical and ood by its original demand for the creation of an independent ate Church.

The rehabilitation early in 1938 of the Society of Jesus, which the epublic had suppressed, with even more rights than before, and the atican's despatch of a nuncio as reward, marked a turning-point. on Stohrer feared a fatal rift, seeing cause for alarm in the fact that ne Falange's social programme now stood " essentially not at all far moved from the demands which the more moderate circles in Red pain have advanced." He instanced a Falangist in General ranco's service, son of a very conservative family, who had confessed having many more points of contact with the " Reds " than with ne clerical and reactionary elements in his own camp. The loud sistence of the Falange that it would still carry through its reforms the creation of a new social order was therefore a challenge not nerely to the traditionalists but to the authority of the Generalissimo determine what that new order should be.

Had Germany and Italy won their war, there can be little doubt that ne Falange would eventually have come out on top, even against the rmy, whose interests inevitably lay with reaction. " An authori- arian government could make something very important out of this ountry in a few years, in spite of losses and destruction," said Berlin n 1938. The compulsion on General Franco to trim his sails to the inds prevailing after the Axis collapse told, paradoxically, against

social change ; and the Caudillo who for long had proclaimed o hoardings all over the country " I believe in Spain because I believ in the Falange " was to announce to the world in July 1945 that th Falange no longer wielded any political power.

But if there be tragic irony for the Spaniard in the thought that th victory of the democracies has meant for him all the trappings an tyrannies of the totalitarian State to the end merely that reaction inefficiency and corruption may flourish as never before, he will deriv at least this consolation from the evidence now published, that th " something very important " that an Axis victory might have mad of Spain would have been a country tied hand and foot to the Germa Juggernaut, so subtly successful did Germany's finally confesse objective of " deep penetration into the main sources of Spain' wealth " promise to be. To von Faupel's claim, made early in 193 that : " There is hardly a politically-conscious Spaniard who has no recognized that France and England always want a weak Spain an only we are interested in a strong Spain," this volume gives th answer for all time. As for the " glorious revolution ", von Stohrer' anecdote, to which he conceded " some truth ", may stand as a least an interim verdict on that too. " How do you find the ne Spain ? " a German long resident in the country was asked shortl before the Civil War ended. " When I find it," he replied, " I wi tell you about it."

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HISTORY AND LITERATURE

By C. V. Wedgwood

IN two senses it may be said that history embraces the whole of literature : first, because the creation of all literature occurs within the limits of history and secondly, because all literature rises, directly or indirectly out of history, for all literature arises out of human experience and all human experience is potential history. The writer may treat his material in any number of different ways. He may express himself in romance or fantasy, in poetry, drama or satire. He may adapt and organize material copied from the world before him ; he may soar into realms of speculation. Yet at some point every work of creative literature is attached, however slightly, to experience. At some point it must make contact with what we think of as reality—the observed world about us. A work of literature, were this not so, would be inconceivable. No human mind is capable of ideas which have not at their source some kind of human experience. History, rightly understood, includes the whole of human experience. Therefore, it may be argued that all literature is in this wide sense historical.

In the highly complicated civilization in which we live, we have of necessity attempted to classify, simplify and divide various branches of human knowledge and experience, history among others. As a result of this its universal and all-comprehending character is sometimes, almost insensibly, overlooked. Our education and the very idioms which we use, perpetually emphasize certain elements of historical experience as though they alone counted. Thus a statesman is described as having " made history " as though this were a special function of statesmen ; or a nation is said to be " making history " when it becomes involved in some particularly violent or remarkable circumstances. But every human being is making history all the time. We live in history as we live in air and we cannot escape it.

If history and life are one and the same thing—all life being potential history—the same ethic and the same aesthetic which applies to subjects not generally regarded as historical (the novel, the drama, poetry) should also apply to historical writing. The historian ought to apply the same standards of integrity, ought to set before him the same ideals as any other kind of writer. The technical treatment of the material may be—indeed is—quite different ; but the attitude to

it should be the same because the material is fundamentally the same.

It would not however simplify my argument if I were to wander over every possible realm of literature to demonstrate my point. In comparing historians with creative writers I shall therefore confine myself to such works as have an historical basis in the popular sense of the word. History, in that sense, has supplied subjects to a very great part of the drama, the poetry and the fiction of the world. My contention, moreover, stands or falls with the idea of the creative artist as one whose function it is to illumine in one way or another the predicament of man, to reveal from time to time the fragments of universal truth and understanding which are concealed in every human life and every human situation.

It is to perform just this function that writers have very often made use of the events and the characters which they find ready to hand, in recorded history. They have taken up and simplified or embroidered some actual situation, some story whose principal characters were at least already outlined for them. Sometimes they have imbued such individual happenings with something of universal value. This use of historical material goes back a long time before the arrival of the self-conscious and sophisticated creative writer. It is one of the earliest and most natural tendencies of man to try to distil out of harsh facts a more poetic and universal meaning, to give them at once a quality of simplicity and permanence.

In the process of turning history into the simpler and profounder stuff of poetry it was sometimes found necessary, and therefore permissible, to adapt and alter the material. From this fusion of a little that was historic with much that was poetic sprang many of the great epics, the *Iliad* or the *Chanson de Roland* the *romanceros* of Spain, the ballads of Scotland and much of the folk literature of the world. Until recently more sophisticated writers retained something of this natural freedom in adapting the facts of recorded, or remembered, history to their needs. In this age when we are by way of making a god of accuracy—and accuracy is not necessarily at all the same thing as truth—it is worth pausing for a moment to look at the effect of this, not on historians but on creative writers who are attracted towards history.

The extent to which a writer dares to modify the facts about which he decides to write depends on the conventions of his time. Schiller was perfectly at liberty to arrange a meeting between Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth—a meeting which, if we are to be accurate in our history, never took place, but the liberties allowed to a modern dramatist or a modern novelist by a modern audience are not nearly so great because there is now considerable confusion in the public mind as to the purpose of the historical drama or novel—or for that matter the historical film. It tends to expect from them instruction in

istory as well as, or possibly even more than, eternal truths. The odern writer therefore who wants to convey something more aluable than mere historical instruction, and yet wants to use rotagonists taken out of history, is compelled, more or less strictly, keep within the limits laid down by record.

It is instructive to notice how often in modern times a great creative riter who is using historical material has to employ some different pproach or some ingenious device when he wishes to emphasize e more profound message that he is seeking to convey. He has y this means to evade the possibility of purely pedantic criticism on e part of the public. Shaw in *St. Joan* transferred the whole of his st act to a dream, and in dreams all laws of realism can be sus-ended. Again T. S. Eliot in *Murder in the Cathedral* uses through-ut a vocabulary and a technique which removes the drama from e solid earth of the twelfth century and lodges it essentially in the uman soul which knows no chronology.

It was possible for Shakespeare, for Goethe, for Corneille, for chiller, even for Victor Hugo, to use historical names as empty vials to which they could pour their own conceptions and so illumine the assions, the weaknesses or the virtues of man. Is Shakespeare's *Macbeth* an exact portrait of a certain eleventh century King of cotland ? Probably not. But is it an exact picture of a living and omprehensible man ? Is it a study of a weak character not without obility utterly corrupted by ambition ? As such has it not a value r superior to a more accurate portrait of the historic Macbeth ? Schiller's *Don Carlos* an exact portrait of the eldest son of Philip II ? ery definitely not. But it is a most wonderfully moving and ompassionate study of a young irresolute man, of more nobility an character, torn between conflicts which are too great for him. hese, and others like them, are great studies of human character. To sk whether they are true accounts of the people whose names they arry is simply irrelevant. The poetic truth is here too great to be hallenged by mere historic truth.

It is a delicate and rather a dangerous thing for a historian to ppear to attach only an inferior value to accuracy of statement bout historical events. There are contexts in which the suggestion hat poetic truth is superior to historic truth is very dangerous. The xamples I have put forward are not intended to convey that the reative writer has a perfect right at all times and places to tamper ith history. The rights and liberties which he is free to exercise in ealing with historical material vary with the conventions of his age, nd liberties which are permissible and fruitful at one time are no onger permissible and therefore can no longer be fruitful now. Yet hatever the present situation, it has been from very ancient times a atural and a healthy habit of mankind to poeticize and to simplify

the most striking events of history : to modify individual histori truth into simple permanent forms. The creative artist may withi the conventions of his epoch as legitimately use historical materia in the same way.

As for the historian himself, if he has any ambition beyond that o amassing a mere catalogue of uninteresting and therefore un intelligible statements, he must approach his material as any othe creative artist does—with the sense that it contains some essentia and permanent truths which it may be his skill or good fortune t release. It is with the character of those truths and with certai technical difficulties in approaching them that I am chiefly concerned

The poet, the dramatist, the novelist are free to exercise thei imagination as widely as they choose. But the historian may not b allowed so long a tether. He must fulfil his function as a creativ artist only within very rigid limits. He cannot invent what went o in the mind of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The poet can. H cannot suppress inconvenient minor characters and invent others wh more significantly underline the significance of his theme. Th novelist can. The dramatist can. The historian, as Sir Philip Sidney has said, " is captive to the truth of a foolish world." No only is he captive to the truth of a foolish world, but he is captive to truth he can never fully discover, and yet he is forbidden by hi conscience and his training from inventing it.

He gains his knowledge through evidence which, at the very best is incomplete ; which is always contradictory ; which raises a many questions as it solves ; which breaks off tormentingly jus where he needs it most, or, yet more tormentingly, become ambiguous and dark. He can never establish the truth. He ca only grope towards it ; he gropes, moreover, with brains which being made and furnished in the twentieth century, find it extremel difficult to understand any other, which are over-confident, apt t leap to the wrong conclusions, unaware of their own shortcoming or at least unable to make allowances for them : human in fact The greatest scholar can never really reach more than some kind o partial and personal version of the truth as it once was. All th efforts of historical scholarship are ultimately reduced to a mer matter of human opinion. In the preface to his *Civilization of th Renaissance in Italy* the wisest of historians Jacob Burckhardt ha said :

> In the wide ocean upon which we venture, the possible ways and directions ar many and the same studies which have served for this work might easily in othe hands not only receive a wholly different treatment but lead also to essentially different conclusions.

Could the whole painful predicament of the historian be mor effectively expressed, or with greater authority ? But it is importan

remember that, in Burckhardt's mind this defeatist view was osely linked with another implicit assumption : that neither the ncertainty nor the personal nature of his own judgments exonerates ie historian from applying the utmost of his critical faculties and holarly abilities to establishing the truth of the fact according to s own lights. To do anything less is intellectual treason.

Surmounting the difficulties of discovering the truth about the storic facts, as far as in him lies, is a matter for the technical skill nd conscience of each individual historian. It must be assumed of im, as of other writers, that he will have the self-respect to live up what he considers the highest standards of his own profession. istorians certainly do commit deliberate dishonesties and, far more ften, *bona fide* mistakes ; there are as many blindnesses, perjuries, rgiversations, errors of judgment, blemishes of character, foibles, ailties, prejudices and shortcomings among historians as among ny average group of mortals—or as among any average group of ther writers for that matter.

None the less there are among historians a few who have from me to time cast as much light on the predicament of man as the ee creative writers. There have been a few with as much insight nto the human situation, as much creative imagination (within the mits allowed them), as much vision and compassion as the greatest riters outside the special bondage of history. But there is a terrible aradox inherent in the historian's profession which has done damage oth to historians as writers and to society at large. The historian ught to be the humblest of men ; he is faced a dozen times a day ith the evidence of his own ignorance ; he is perpetually confronted ith the humiliating fact that he can never fully interpret his material ; e is, in a sense that no other writer is, in bondage to that material. et it is just precisely the historian among writers who is often the ost arrogant. It is just precisely the historian who will often claim hat he is not merely the master of his material but, by being the aster and interpreter of the past, also the master of the future. t is just precisely among historians that the most arrogant assumpions of knowledge, the most assured prophecies of the future, the ost *ex cathedra* judgments of right and wrong will be found. On loser examination these judgments, these prophecies, these construcions of vast philosophies explaining the past, present and future of an will all prove to be rooted in the temporary political prejudice or hilosophical beliefs of a particular historian or of a particular age r society. That there have been among such philosophies and mong such interpretations of history on a large scale some which ave a nobility and a value of their own, not as history but as guiding deas to mankind, no-one can deny. Great names from St. Augustine nwards shine out to redeem the noble error.

But it is an error. It is the great pitfall of history. The historia who forgets to be humble, who forgets the essentially inconclusiv nature of his evidence and his own fallibility, who furthermor confuses the temporary opinions of a party or a nation or a religio with the absolute standards of right and wrong, can unfortunatel be very persuasive. He can take the petty developments of a fe generations or a few centuries for some immutable law of progress or imagine that the ephemeral rivalries of nations are in some wa eternal and inevitable ; or indulge half a dozen other aberrations And he may lead whole societies with him into error and make ther act upon it.

Might not the historian who feels this powerful temptation tak a lesson from the geologist ? The Alps, for example, so majestically immutable as they seem, are to the geologist upstarts. They ar a mere matter of thirty million years old. Yet these youthfu mountains, which came so late to their present shape and grandeur make the entire duration of recorded history look like the poor trivial scantling of time that it is. From this little fragment, this fe thousand years—about which in any case we can never know mor than the hundred-thousandth part and that uncertainly—historians have tried to construct systems and cycles of a scientific immutability This is the minute kingdom over which, from time to time, a historian lords it as though he were the arbiter of the universe.

In pursuing such speculations, the historian is surely wrong— sometimes nobly wrong, sometimes basely wrong. The importance of history is not that of a science or a system ; it is as a record o human beings, a source from which human experience can be studied The purpose of this study is not to make general rules either political economic or moral, but to get to the heart of the human problem Even after several thousand years of experience in human society we are still very bad at understanding that problem.

Thus it can I think be justly argued that the historian's function is exactly the same as that of any other creative writer. All literature arises from human experience and therefore all literature arises in the ultimate resort from historical material. The discipline and technique to which the historian submits his material is different from that of the prose writer. But the nature of his material is the same and the historian, in so far as he stands or wishes to stand within the bounds of literature at all, has the same task as that of the creative artist He is not to judge and prophecy and create systems, but within the limits allowed him, to illumine the human soul.

(*The article is based on the address the author gave at the recen 23rd International Congress of the PEN at Lausanne.*)

CREWE, THE RAILWAY TOWN

By Roger Lloyd

NO social adventure could be as enthralling as the building of an entirely new town. In due course several of them are to be built by the Government, and if they want precedents to guide em the planners will have to read their railway history. Places like ournville, Port Sunlight, and Welwyn Garden City are not true recedents for each of them is really an outlying district of a town hich existed before. The true pioneers of brand new towns built in reen and virgin fields were the early railway companies, and the assic examples of this kind of social adventure as the early Victorians onceived it are Swindon, Wolverton, and Crewe. All three were onceived and begun in 1840. Plenty of books about railways were en being written, and most of them had something to say about ach of these new towns. But their authors rarely if ever perceived e social significance of what was being done, and were much more terested in the new station refreshment rooms. Long accounts till exist of what travellers could buy at Wolverton and how refined ere the waitresses who served them. The first refreshment room t Swindon seems to have been specially famous. In fact there were wo very large ones on each platform, for first and second class assengers only ; third class passengers were not served. They were eavily decorated in execrable style, for they had arabesque walls and eilings and marble columns painted to resemble wood.

Crewe had no refreshment room at that date. It was merely a mall station in a field where the Grand Junction, the Manchester nd Birmingham and the Chester railways converged. As a matter f fact nothing seems to have remained in print about Crewe's first efreshment rooms, and this must be the one and the only aspect of e life of Crewe which has escaped the notice of Dr. Chaloner, who as published in *The Social and Economic Development of Crewe** particularly detailed and thorough survey of the growth of the remost town of railwaymen. This well written work of social cience should be read as a duty by all in the Ministry of Local overnment and Planning who will have to do with the new towns hich are to be built, and the book has a topical as well as an historical

* *The Social and Economic Development of Crewe*, by W. H. Chaloner, Manchester niversity Press. 30s.

importance.

The planners will learn many things from it, and among them wh is no longer possible as well as what was never desirable. For th keynote of the first 40 years of Crewe's life is pure paternalism o the part of the company. In June 1840 Joseph Locke, after Robe Stephenson the greatest of railway surveyors, was ordered by th Grand Junction Railway to prepare plans for railway workshop engine factories, and running sheds at Crewe, and to get ready t build at least two hundred cottages for the workers who would hav to be transferred from Edge Hill, Liverpool. When the London an Birmingham decided to move their engine works from Wolverto and these and two other lines became fused in the new London an North Western Railway, it was clear that the new town of Crew would become the most important of all the new railway communitie

The company knew well enough that it was creating something ne in social history and was determined to do it well. Moreover it had real and deep sense of responsibility for the men and families it wa bringing from Wolverton, Manchester and Liverpool to start a ne life in a new place. It was true that these men were skilled an irreplaceable workmen on whom the company depended, but th directors were not only or chiefly moved by calculations like these In their hearts they were the fathers of their people, feudal magnate of an industrial age which as time passed had increasingly little us for feudalism. They honestly desired the good of their workpeopl and were determined to make Crewe a model town. But it all ha to be done in their way and Crewe must think of itself as th " Company's Town ", and from this attitude much trouble was late to stem. But for 40 years it worked very well, and the railwa magnates who created Crewe deserved well of their generation and o history. The houses they built were all good, the best of their kin in that day, and in the 'forties Crewe might well have been a Mecc for housing reformers. Nantwich and Chester were apt to taun Crewe as an upstart, but the workpeople of Crewe had their answe and they used it : " We have no slums in Crewe. What about you in Chester ? " In 1850 *Chambers Journal* published an accoun of Crewe :

> The general appearance of Crewe is very pleasing. The streets are wide and wel paved ; the houses are very neat and commodious, usually of two storeys, built o brick, but the brick concealed by roughcast plaster, with porches, lattice windows and a little piece of garden ground before the door. The accommodation is good and it would be difficult to find such houses at low rents even in the suburbs of a large town.

The company in fact provided everything that was necessary for the well-being of the workpeople it had uprooted from Liverpool and Wolverton. It gave them drainage, schools, shops, paving, doctors,

hospital, a library, and, from the beginning, it was not forgetful their religious needs. The shareholders were asked to contribute 000 towards a church and a school, and to add to this sum the ectors gave up a proportion of their fees. A number of the rigidly bbatarian shareholders were in the habit of refusing to accept the pportion of their dividends which came from Sunday trains, and s accumulated money too went towards the church of Crewe hich was to be built and managed " on the principles adopted by, e London and Birmingham Railway "—whatever they were. The ief of them seems to have been the company's insistence on the right choosing the vicar. So far as religion is concerned Crewe seems have fared rather better than Swindon which was being built at the me time. For in 1840 the Great Western Company were asked to ve half an acre of land for a church, and though the bait was held t that " a certain number of Sittings would be appropriated to the rvants of the Company ", the shareholders objected, making the cuse that it was not legal for the company property or funds to be used. It was not until 1842 that the directors raised a voluntary nd to provide Swindon with its church.

Crewe very quickly became the most important railway junction d the seat of the biggest and best-equipped engine building works in e country, and its population steadily increased. All this industry ternalism had created, and beyond question its work was good. he trouble naturally came when the growing importance of the town ade the issue of its self-government one which had to be faced, and e problem was how to turn it into a proper borough, with a mayor, council, and the inevitable elections, and yet to give to the L.N.W.R. e authority over the town which, as its creator, it was determined to tain. Crewe had become the centre of gravity of its whole system d its desire to retain the power to shape its development was not erefore unreasonable. But the determination of the people of rewe to win democratic self-government for their town was also asonable. Here, then, were the seeds of conflict ; and the story this struggle is the main theme of Dr. Chaloner's narrative, and e pivot round which he groups and makes intelligible all the ultitudinous detail of his social survey.

The company saw that if its paternalism towards Crewe was to rvive, it must somehow be fitted into the new pattern of municipal lf-government and the obvious way to do it was to make sure that nominees were always in a majority on the council, and that, if ssible, its chief mechanical engineer should be its chairman. In is manoeuvring the company was successful, and for years Crewe as a self-governing borough which the company controlled as firmly ever before, through the locomotive department. This happy state affairs might have continued unimpaired into the twentieth century

had it not been for the personality of Francis Webb, the most famou and the most unfortunate of all the long list of North-Weste C.M.E's, and one of the oddest and most intriguing personalitie which decorate British railway history.

Webb has gone down to history as the man who so dominated hi directors that he was allowed to continue almost indefinitely i building engines of his own revolutionary design, many of whic frequently refused to move an inch. He called it double compoundin and each of his engines had both a high and a low pressure cylinder He built three classes of them, of which some were worse than others but all were bad. At Euston, and other terminus stations, men ha to be handy on the platform with pinch bars, in case the drivin wheels of the engine started revolving in opposite directions when th driver was trying to get his train on the move. When that happene —and it often did—the man with the pinchbar had to jump down o to the track, stop the wheel which was going backwards and, with a movement of his bar, set it turning the required way, and then jump for his life. Porters at Euston were agile people in Webb's day. They had to be. Very, very occasionally, for bearding Webb on the subject of his temperamental darlings was no joke, an official com plained. Webb would then come and see for himself, and the engine would at once behave magically. The drivers said this was because the engines daren't do anything else while in the presence of their maker. But they and their foremen seethed inwardly.

Nobody dared face the old man. To speak of his engines to him with anything less than real enthusiasm was to court the most terrify ing outbursts of fury. He hurled defiance in all directions. He once told his directors he would paint his engines any colour they liked as long as it was black. On one occasion an anonymous engineer, calling himself Argus, challenged him in an engineering journal, and called him " a neophyte who, having seen a compound engine at an exhibition, went home to try to build one like it." Webb's retort was to call his very next compound Argus. He must have cost the company millions, for not only did his engines often refuse to go, but they were more extravagant with coal than any other engine in England. Yet for years he got away with it, and this is all the more remarkable when one remembers that his chairman for most of the period was none other than Sir Richard Moon, by common consent one of the most alarming and formidable figures in the railway world, which had plenty of them. Perhaps the fact that Webb was a passionate Conservative, as was Moon, had something to do with his immunity.

A man of such character, wielding such power, could not do other than bedevil the course of municipal politics, for he unabashedly used the prestige and authority of the company to make sure that the

n council remained conservative. On one occasion the results n election did not wholly please him. The men of Crewe works, wrote, " so far forgot their obligations that they did not exert mselves to return some of the company's officers to watch over . . . railway town of ours." Before the next election he issued a public ement saying : " If the people of Crewe do not study the mpany's interest I shall not be responsible for what the directors l do." In the election of 1882 nothing was left to chance, as this nment of a nonconformist Liberal shows :

have seen and heard foremen of the Company stand at the entrance to the various olling booths, and, as the men passed in to record their votes, patting them on the ack, and, with a significant nod, say : ' Jim, Dick, Tom ', as the case might be, remember your bread and cheese ; vote for so-and-so ', so-and-so being the ompany's representative brought out in the municipal contest against the Liberal andidates, never in one instance against the Tories. The foremen on such ccasions are backed up by a lot of ' seconds foremen ' and various understrappers hose business it is to abuse and vituperate the Liberal candidates and their upporters.

wever in Sir William Hodgson, a local Liberal, Webb struck a rtar whom he had no power to intimidate. But his methods were fficiently unscrupulous as to draw from Mr. Gladstone a tremendous ter of reproof, which Dr. Chaloner prints in full in his appendix. e tragedy was that Webb had a passionate and a perfectly sincere sire to seek the good of the people of Crewe, but his suspicious tocracy made him distrusted by all, and the only result of his orts was to hasten the day when the old affection of the workpeople the company died, and the old paternal relationship changed into e semi-suspicious impersonalism of the modern industrial economy. r. Chaloner puts the date of this change in Crewe as 1880, and there no doubt that Webb was mainly responsible for creating the very ng he hated. In the end Nemesis caught up with him, and he had go. Hamilton Ellis has described the sadness of the last page :

Webb's locomotive policy became more than ever a liability on the L.N.W.R. and efforts were made to dislodge him. Announcements of his impending retirement kept appearing in the papers, to be emphatically denied. But he was ageing and ill. When George Whale was announced as his successor elect it was the last straw. He walked into the Euston Hotel one morning, had breakfast, told the head waiter that he had no money and was looking for a job, and stalked out. Soon after making this cold, solitary joke he retired to Bournemouth, where, after a few years, he died, leaving a great fortune to good works and worthy causes in the town of Crewe.

the intemperance of his partisanship Webb damaged most of the uses in which he really believed. His successors got rid of his stock engines as fast as they could, and no more double compound gines were built for any British railway. His ideal picture of ewe was rubbed faint in his own time ; and after he died it became t a Liberal but a Socialist stronghold. But though he failed in

most things he touched, his name has lived on, for the English have queer affection for their distinguished failures, provided they ar characters, and so create a cycle of legend which lives after them The railway service has always been the seedbed of strongly marke ' characters '. They crop up in the service of one company aft another, and of them all few were stranger or remained more com pletely themselves than Webb. Thus his memory is still green.

When the twentieth century came it was made clear that th company could not longer keep exclusively for itself the communit which it had created. Crewe, though a key strategical centre c communications as long as railways exist, was shown to be no exempt from the danger which threatens every town dedicated to on industry alone. The first 30 years of this century Dr. Chaloner cal years of stagnation. Emigration to other towns began to take plac and the birthrate to fall. There was also serious unemploymen among women, and the men joined them when the company decide to buy rather than itself to manufacture steel. Salvation came fro the enterprise of the town council which set itself to capture othe industries. It was markedly successful ; and to-day the people c Crewe make Rolls Royce engines, clothing of all kinds, electri refrigerators, and a number of other things. The railway naturall dominates it still, but it is now an industrially balanced community.

(*Canon Roger Lloyd is the author of the recently published book* Th Fascination of Railways.)

MIRAGE IN VENICE

(An extract)

By James Monahan

Remember—in vaporetto from the Lido,
Leaving the afternoon of sand and tan
And saxophone—remember
The approaching skyline where the spires were drawn
In silver tumult against the Venetian blue,
Where the city lay like a sea-shell cupping the light
From water and sky, and the light was forever changing,
Sentient-fingered, nervous, smooth as the stroke
Of a craftsman's insatiate hands—could not put aside
His masterpiece, must touch it and brush it again.
Remember the fluctuant sense of it—now, as we watched
Sealight and sunlight were idlers musing on Venice,
Now the lilt of dead music, a flicker, a ripple returning,
Possessed the lagoon and it danced ; the measure was stately,
Elaborate, grave. Then it quickened. It turned to a flurry of plumes,
To a cavaliers' gay agitation—they gathering, crowding,
Courting their mistress, adorning her. She, the enthroned,
Smiled and her radiance grew with their grace and their mood.

And the midstream moment then as the steamer paused,
The slow bows swinging till squarely she faced the Mole
Where the gondolas clustered and rocked and were idle as gulls,
Where the Saint's and the Lion's columns rose—as lances,
Slim, tapering, soaring, pennoned against the sky,
Or as trumpets that lordly heralds raised, proclaiming
The Palace's whiteness and the golden domes
And the city that dreamed like a swan among tranquil shallows,
Alive with the latent suddenness of wings—
Proclaiming that ever changeable, poised wonder
To Mediterranean centuries.
The moment it was of reminder : here was the vision
Galleys of war, galleys of merchandise
Had carried to Jerusalem and Asia.
Its curious, glittering peace was about us again.

But what I tell is the reverie that took me

Once in that boat in the sun as we silently
Drifted the last slow distance towards the pier.
I know there was lapping of the calm lagoon
Under the steamer's quietness. I know
That my eyes were drunk with the white and gold cascading
From Palace, arcades and domes, till all but these—
Till time and identity seemed faraway,
Blurring and fading, dwindling out of the world.

And in that reverie I saw again
A truculent, old, upright warrior
Whom Tintoretto long ago had caught
Swiftly against a panoply of war :
Black-armoured, rigid hand on a rail, white hair
Cropped bristling-close, great spade of his stiff, white beard,
Back straight as an obstinate spear war had not broken,
And eyes blue, dominant, giving their brusque command—
But most of all the battle-line of his mouth,
The granite line, but the line where the odds were written,
The hesitant fears and calculations, silent
Victories that none of his men must know ;
With something on that bleak mouth of sadness also,
Almost of candlelight and dusk and shadows
Subduing a stubborn fortress, changing it all,
His name : Veniero, Admiral of Venice,
Who led the Venetian fleet when drunken Selim
Took Don John's challenge at last.

I saw again
Veniero silent at his galley's stern,
The same black-armoured obstinacy, the same
Unyielding, bitter vigilance. About him
Scarlet and yellow cloaks, quick voices, laughter—
Laughter for danger done, home, courage proven—
Veniero the solitary quiet one.
The deck so stacked with trophies—we could see,
Even from our boat's level, how the sun
Flashed from those tumbled shields and silver standards,
Could see the uncounted bales of brimming, silken
Garments of trampled arrogance ; at stern
A banner of infidels, startling and bright and wide,
Trailing down to the water's edge, there floating,
Blue of the banner, gold of its crescent moon,
In the conqueror's wake through calm Venetian sea,
While over it the winged, high lion flaunted

iumph of Christians. And all were loud, triumphant
ve he, the solitary quiet one.
owly the oars dipped then ; and the galley slowly
me down that hemmed-in lane, where the lilac-sprays,
aves, lilies, hyacinths and heaped wild flowers
ll as a sudden carpet to the Mole,
here, robed and jewelled, the Signoria waited
nd the Doge in canopied grandeur. Gondolas
hemmed each other about the galley's passage—
rammed too the highway of the Grand Canal
where it curves from sight at the Charity—
iat it seemed a man might pick his way dry-shod
om midstream to that islet of the new
hite marble blocks and scaffolded tall dome
f Giorgio Maggiore. Every pole
f every gondolier, it seemed, bore flowers
aving and welcoming, their gondolas
arlanded also with the trellised leaves.
nd still before the conqueror's slow progress
ll lilies, lilac ; and the carpet grew.
n Nicolo, the Lido's Nicolo
hose benediction is the last that rings
or sailors dipping, dipping to the southern
attle or commerce or discovery,
he voice they remember most in fight or tempest,
heir old grey-towered guardian to whom,
s galleys pass the Lido, heads are bared—
lang of the bell of Nicolo's had told us
hen first against the southern, tremulous,
ead-vague horizon stood that puff of sail,
swelling and crimson blur, too small, too far
o judge of the masthead flag or pennons streaming
r what saint's and what city's sign upon that canvas.
ut soon they had known her of Venice—the curved, high prow,
he bowsprit short for a Genoese and stouter
han any Spaniard's. Soon as she drew inshore
ame the sail's quick furl, came the rhythm of freemen's oars
ith their twinkling, dolphin-attendants of silver spray.
nd so from the beacon of that single bell
ews ran, a fire among the towers of Venice,
woke the high chimes of San Salvatore,
he Frari's deep-voiced welcome, old San Rocco's
ngle of ancient gaiety—Zaccharia's,
he Charity's, Sebastian's, Barnaba's,
ame clamorously in. By brown canals,

By arm-spanned streets, too narrow for the sun,
The word ran on to Chrysostom's, to Simeon's,
To Giacometto's shy, hid cupola
That watches the Rialto. Northwards also
Mazed bridges and the Merceria took it
To Zanipólo's where the great ones lie—
Proud Zanipólo's boomed official praise ;
And slowest, weightiest, most resonant,
The Campanile of San Marco tolled
Till surely out on Terra Firma, out
Among the fields by subject Padua,
Men must have stood to listen, must have known
Lepanto's admiral come home again.

The poem continues : Veniero, aloof and grim amid his triumph, remembers ho Venice, on the very eve of Lepanto, had irretrievably lost Cyprus to the Tur He remembers the two great mistakes made long ago by Venice, the first being whe she had encouraged the Crusaders to sack Constantinople, thus turning that potenti and Christian ally into an easy victim for the Turk ; and the second had been whe by acquiring an empire on the Italian mainland, she had faced the power of Spa and France. Venice, in her proud folly, had overreached herself. The poe returns to Veniero's homecoming : he lands and the day-dream is broken and tim comes back again to the present. The end is a brief comparison between Veni 1571 and Britain 1951.

IN A GREEN ARBOUR

By A. V. Stuart

In a green arbour, down by the water side,
There as I lay, I heard a bird complain :
" Sweet, sweet is love in the flowering springtime,
But O flown, flown in the cold autumn rain."

I turned as I lay, and looked at my loved one
Lying there lightly, and breathing so near,
And in the first sunlight ashift through the branches
I learned me by heart the looks of my dear.

Though fate should bereave me, or fickle love leave me,
I hold my love safely, where nothing can us part,
And it still springtime, and the birds still carolling
In the green aisles of memory, deep in my heart.

ENGLISH POETRY : 1938-1950—II.

By Herbert Palmer

ARNOLD V. Bowen, a melodist with his lips leaning towards the ears of the reader, was a corporal in the R.A.M.C. who died in 1947 as a result of his war sufferings. As personal and ostalgic as Douglas Gibson, but rather more hazardous and daring, is eyes were more on the zenith and horizon than on the features nd details of landscape. His *Lyrics of Love and Death* (the title eveals some affinity with Alun Lewis) commenced thus :

Sharpen my arrows, Muse,
The bow burns in my hand.
I have no time to lose ;
The light dies down the land.

The cities splutter and sink,
Like candles burnt away . . .
There's little time to think ;
The dark brooks no delay.

Quick ! quick ! One quivering dart !
I with exulting string
Shall sweep the heavens apart
Till men hear angels sing . . . .

While all the stars that dance
This foolish world above
Gaze down on man's mischance
With streaming eyes of love.

great deal of his verse is still in manuscript and cries out for com-ete collection. Not very far from his right elbow stands James Valker, who has something also in common with Douglas Gibson vho in one or two of his aspects* is not entirely unlike Wilfrid ibson). Nature looms beckoningly in the verse of James Walker, ut he has a variable human voice, though less of an individual anner than Hal Summers, who is a very original traditionalist. Iuch the same applies to W. R. Rodgers, who is rather too dominated y Gerard Manley Hopkins. The fact that Rodgers is more isciplined and logical than Hopkins does not save him from revealing too-obvious discipleship. But he is a striking and sometimes

* He was described as " a pastoral poet with a human background " in the first part of this article, blished in the September issue of The Fortnightly.

exciting poet in a new manner based on early tradition. Another poet of a new manner, in this instance entirely his own, is Alan Rook. Like James Walker and others he has seen active service in the war and one of his lyrics is entitled " Dunkirk Pier ". But the best of the books of war-verse, judged as war-verse, is Herbert Corby's *Hampden Going Over*. He has been jostled by John Pudney, a less opulent and exuberant poet in his diction, one who made something of a reputation previous to 1938 and does not belong to this list under survey. John Pudney, who has been popular as the flying-man's laureate, has been the victim of much foolish criticism, for he is a symbolist rather than a realist reporter. John Bayliss, an ex-flying officer, is a difficult poet to place. He has been a favourite with the anthologists, but much of his verse is too cerebral and hesitant (a great deal of it is still in manuscript) to make a quick appeal. Something the same might be said of Derek Stanford, who has confessed admiration of the French symbolists and has told us that the English poets who have meant most to him are Darley, Arthur Symons and T. S. Eliot—a rather anarchic mixture. Stanford is a gloomy, adventurous, and rather flat symbolist, but he seems the most promising of our young poet-critics, so it is likely that he will make his major reputation as a critic. His single (and singular) book of verse to date, *Music for Statues*, is in its title a faithful expression of self-criticism. Another gloomy symbolist is Laurie Lee, but he is rather more melodious than Derek Stanford, and certain bitter lines of his (which point back to the Spanish Civil War) have always stuck in my head :

> A boy is shot with England in his brain ;
> But she lies brazen yet beneath the sun.
> She has no honour, and she has no fear.

There is little in modern poetry that clings to the brain, but these other lines by H. W. Harding (an older poet and strict traditionalist, who came to writing verse late in life) do it :

> My will needs more than mortal strength
> To curb a heart that over-leaps ;
> She smiled and spoke, and Time lost length,
> And Space its deeps.

The shapely poets among the applauded young are in the minority. Roy Fuller is as gloomy as the gloomiest, but much of his verse has traditional precision and beauty of form. Another formalist, and one who has been popular with the anthologists, is G. S. Fraser. His verse, in its early stages, was much influenced by the middle and late Yeats, but it has lost something of its attraction since he deserted Yeats for the French symbolists. During the later war years he was much to the fore as a promising poet with a certain future. He is cold, one who seems to distrust the emotions, but that feature may be only

emporary. Somewhat warmer and considerably more sensuous is ohn F. A. Heath-Stubbs, some of whose poems were really made for ie voice, but he might write still better if he were not conscious of any oet later than 1920. This applies also to Norman Nicholson, who an sing an arresting ballad in traditional sprung-rhythm and is a poet f Christian faith. Both are romantics somewhat worried by recent evelopments and uncertain which way to turn. Not so Sean ennett, who seems to me the foremost of the post-Munich Faber oets. He sits, if he does not stand, on a stable Elizabethan platform, nd shows consciousness of both Georgian and Modernist move- ients without being beguiled by either of them. He has shape without ullness, and melody without monotony :

> Fighting in naked deserts he thought of home,
> the soldier swallowed by the drought of war,
> of fields and heavy trees and quiet rivers
> and the apple-hearted hollow forests where
> the girders of the blackthorn blossomed over
> in early spring ; and thrushes love to sing
> through all the cool green shadows of the summer
> their bell-dropping, water-falling song.

Henry Treece, on the other hand, is a very erratic and inconsistent oet, one who has much dark power in his elbow which, as yet, e scarcely knows how to use. I believe he calls himself a "post- pocalyptic", and the sombre alley-ways of symbolism have frequently eguiled him. Moreover, he has been too attracted to the indisci- lined fantasies of Dylan Thomas, though he has a clearer voice an Dylan Thomas, that poet of rhapsodical metaphor and Stone- enge-syntax—dadaist, surrealist, and strained symbolist, with a assion for transferring nouns and epithets and changing the correct nto the incorrect. Something of the same criticism placarding Ienry Treece can apply to John Waller. But in this instance the nfluence which he has allowed to befog his strong promise is that f the early W. H. Auden. At the opposite pole stand Margaret Villy, Kenneth Hopkins and John Arlott, the last sometimes confused ith Kenneth Allott, a modernist who was heard of previous to 1938. A traditionalist who has used modern movements to produce rtilization, but sparingly used them, is Phoebe Hesketh :

> The afternoon closed round us like a witch,
> Grey-haired with rain.
> In the twist of misshapen thorns we saw her nature,
> Spiteful and dark,
> Bent hunchback down to brush the rocky cheek
> Of crags in a withered kiss.
> The harridan in rusty rags of bracken
> Sat in a stone-grey huddle
> And chilled us in her scarves of mist,

> While her boneless hands
> Unmercifully squeezed the bloodless day.

The passage, however, borders on free-verse, which Phoebe Hesketh, who is a sweet and sometimes powerful melodist, rarely essays. She is prominently a poet of nature ; and next to nature a poet of love. While she often writes with the strength of a man she has more poignancy and tenderness than most women-poets of to-day. Her crowded book, *Lean Forward Spring* (1948), seems to point towards a new movement in poetry. She has been linked with Wordsworth and Emily Brontë, and she may owe something to Donne. Many of her lines stay rooted in the brain ; she is a poet for the verse-speaker. Kathleen Raine has much in common with her, but Kathleen Raine, who has been influenced bythe later Blake of the Prophetic Books, is too apprehensive of tradition, particularly of traditional melody. She may be more profound than Phoebe Hesketh, and she is certainly one of the best known and most read of modern poets, but her sense of shape is less uniform. Among her lyrical contemporaries she has won a reputation as a mystic ; though mysticism enters frequently into the verse of Phoebe Hesketh, this poet is more prominent as a sensitive recorder of the phenonema of the country-side, her spiritual pantheism, in spite of her affinity to Emily Brontë, perhaps less pronounced than Kathleen Raine's, but her voice and handling of words and metre more variable. She partially belongs to a company of which Douglas Gibson is not the least significant. But because she is occasionally a word-spinner she has some slight affinity with Ian Serraillier, a very original but not profound poet whose light verbal melodies dimly suggest the pictorial somersaults of Walt Disney.

Many of the moderns, including Patric Dickinson, Norman Nicholson, Anne Ridler and Christopher Fry, have written verse drama. By far the most successful has been Christopher Fry, who has Elizabethan opulence and magnificence ; but his relationship seems closer to Ben Jonson than to Shakespeare. He can really write blank verse, and new-sounding blank verse, a rare achievement in these days, but his frequent habit of mingling free verse with blank verse, in response to a slovenly " high-brow " taste, robs him, for the reader, of much of his natural power. Free verse may be sufficiently effective on the stage, though it can never take the place of blank verse, but to any ear trained to rhythm and verbal music it makes an impossible substitute when the eye is wedded to the ear and meets the page. Plays by T. S. Eliot (who seems to have set the fashion of free verse for the stage) would have a greater chance of survival if he had observed the laws of tradition. To me, his stage verse sounds like slack prose, and it is with real apprehension that I ring a bell of warning. Verse plays that have had a long popular run and appealed

trongly to the crowd have always been written in traditional blank erse, as, for instance, those of the post-Tennyson poet, Stephen Phillips. It is odd that in these Socialist days verse drama has become o aloof. Even the Irish poet Austin Clarke is aloof, though his lays are written in consistent blank verse.

Many of the poets of the 1930-1940 period pushed forward into tronger daylight, sometimes led by T. S. Eliot, who in course of time ssued his *Four Quartets*, somewhat freeing himself from the bitterness nd perversity of *The Waste Land*. W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender nd Cecil Day Lewis, that trio who made their appearance on the hreshold of 1930 and startled the literary world with red rosettes and Communist bravura, have all published many new volumes and hanged their political outlook. W. H. Auden, after fleeing to America, ecame more traditional, and captured a large public with verse that s sometimes unpleasantly cynical, while Cecil Day Lewis has settled down in a more salutary climate and, though losing little of his latness, has contrived to make the reader feel that he is developing nto a poet in the good old noble English tradition. But he is still acking in any kind of religious faith or feeling, very different from his namesake C. S. Lewis. Louis MacNeice has developed into a more hapely and communicable poet than Stephen Spender, but they both till leave the critic in doubts as to their most vitally original qualities, or the penalty to pay for so much noisy publicity (from which W. H. Auden and C. Day Lewis have not escaped) is the creation of a ense of insecurity or confusion in the mind of the critic, especially when he is a lyrical practitioner in another hemisphere. Ronald Bottral, a poet who belongs to the same modern school, has perhaps expressed their true position in a poem which begins :

> The future is not for us, though we can set up
> Our barriers, rest in our dead-embered
> Sphere, till we come to pause over our last loving-cup
> With death . . . .

That sombre song is like a looking-glass reflecting so much that the modernists have thought and written, though they are not always given to such humility. But we have been attracted to some of them, and the war years helped us towards a better appreciation, especially where there was obvious sincerity. John Lehmann, traditional in outward shape, frequently supported the untraditional poets in acting as their shepherd. David Gascoyne revealed himself as a unique shapely symbolist of overpowering religious gloom, but to deteriorate recently into utter formlessness in *The Vagrant*. George Baker, in his indisciplined exuberance and misunderstanding of symbolism, continued to intermingle nonsense with the poetically original and attractive. Charles Madge showed his bitter talent to

much better advantage than Yeats had contrived for him in *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, and William Plomer finally became plain to eye and ear as a shapely poet, who like Roy Campbell, has "imported astringents from South Africa."* Rex Warner published some moving love sonnets, and R. N. Currey gathered his numerous scattered lyrics into three volumes, the last, *Formal Spring*, a collection of translations from the French Renaissance poets. Geoffrey Johnson, Christopher Hassall and John Betjeman fulfilled much of their strong promise, so that all of them, in varying degrees, are now recognized as good traditional poets with a thoughtful content and tempting to the verse speaker. Laurence Whistler, a very disciplined and sensitive poet whose verse is over-intellectualized, published new volumes ; and John Gawsworth, that indefatigable bookman and bibliographer, turned away from earlier influences, partially substituting A. E. Housman and then running along the track with Sheltonian speed, and here and there knocking his knees against the side-posts—though a number of John Gawsworth's lyrics have an air of accomplished finality, and may be durable.† More even in general execution is G. Rostrevor Hamilton, who made his chief reputation after the outbreak of war, though he had published several volumes previously. He is a thoughtful and precise poet, pleasantly metrical, religious-minded and somewhat epigrammatic, a traditionalist who rarely stumbles or falters, the influences on his verse not at all obvious, though it is not specially individual. But he is occasionally a wit (how much fine verse owes its power to the presence of wit !) and one who rarely allows his wit to be too obvious.

On the opposite side of the fence sits Edith Sitwell, whose voice has somewhat changed, though it is never subdued, for she seems to have jumped into the arms of *Maud* and the Victorian spasmodics. Unfortunately, the two best lines in her most dynamic lyric, " Still Falls the Rain", are culled from Marlowe‡ and likely to set a bad example in the way of tempting the unscrupulous into plagiarism :

> Then—O Ile leape up to God : who pulles me doune—
> See, see where Christ's blood streames in the firmament . . . .

Too much of that kind of thing has already been perpetrated.

(The last part of Mr. Palmer's article will be published in the November issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

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* See *A Hundred Years of English Literature* by Professor Sherard Vines.

† See *Collected Poems :* 1929-1947.

‡ They occur (but without "Then") in the final speech of Faustus in Chistopher Marlowe's *Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*. Edith Sitwell's "Still Falls the Rain" is the first poem of *Street Songs* (1942).

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY

POLITICAL EDUCATION

Mere enemies may be discounted, they usually stumble in their attack ; friends are metimes an embarrassment ; but it would be impolite to give no answer to so patient ritic as Mr. H. G. Nicholas. It is true that in his article in the August number of IE FORTNIGHTLY, he made no mention of what I regard as the important difficulties the position I was defending in my lecture, but one may be expected to know all out these oneself. What is valuable in his review is the revelation of how some bits my argument strike a contemporary who is willing to consider it carefully.

The minor points may be neglected. But what is all this about the past and *nps perdu* ? I am not aware but I was ever so foolish as to suggest that a tradition behaviour exists only in the past and that it is revealed only in a backward glance : deed I opposed such a view. And there is nothing " negative " or " world-weary " "depressing" in the enterprise of pursuing the intimations of our manner of attending our affairs. A critic is in order if he points out that this is a misleading description political activity, but he has merely misunderstood it if he supposes it to be a cumlocution for inactivity. And that there should be people who lack a common cognition of a manner of attending to their arrangements is not conclusive against y designation of political change—it shows only that there are "people" incapable politics and whose arrangements may be expected to be in the hands of a few who ffer no such lack, even if their tradition of behaviour goes little further than the sassination of their opponents. Though what one can mean by a " people " other an a recognized way of behaving, I should find it difficult to say.

But it is Mr. Nicholas's two theoretical points which interest me more. I am cused of arguing the chronological priority of a tradition of behaviour whereas what y thesis requires is that the priority should be logical. Some of my illustrations may ve led Mr. Nicholas astray, but I had hoped when I suggested that a tradition scientific activity was prior to the formation and verification of specific scientific potheses, it would be perceived that what I had in mind was precisely logical iority—the logical priority which, for example, a language has on its grammar. hat it shall also, and from another point of view, be a chronological priority is relevant. I know, of course, that calling a political ideology the grammar of a adition of behaviour does not make it so, but Mr. Nicholas's criticism is beside the oint unless, for the sake of argument, the analogy is accepted. Nor is it quite rrect to say that I neglected to observe the significance of constructing a grammar politics : my argument was directed, not to erasing political principles from the rth, but to discovering what in fact they are, to distinguishing between their proper and nproper use, and to showing that they and not a tradition of political behaviour ad the vulnerability of a Maginot Line. I did not pursue the question, why have they often been misused ? But surely illusion is common enough to make it a bit far-tched to be incredulous of it. Perhaps even it is necessary (as Pascal thought) hen politics is popular.

Politics, says Mr. Nicholas, is a totally pointless activity unless it is an activity rected towards the achievement of some premeditated goal—unless it is interpreted n the analogy of travel and arrival at a specified destination. This I find odd, if it is tended to be more than a tautology. Travelling and reaching prefigured final estinations is characteristic of so few of our activities that it would be remarkable politics were among them. Have science, or art, or human life in general premedi-

tated goals ? And are they a " total waste of time " because they have not? My poin for what it was worth, was not that non-arrival was characteristic of political activit but that politics is an activity (like many others) to which travel (either hopeful hopeless) towards our appointed destination was an inapplicable concept, and th the projects which from time to time we pursue are not, and do not need to b more substantial than intimations of our manner of behaviour.

MICHAEL OAKESHOTT.

London, W.C.2.

(*Professor Oakeshott's inaugural lecture* (*published by Bowes and Bowes*, 2*s.* 6*d.*) on *assuming the Chair of Political Science at the London School of Economics was the subject of Mr. Nicholas's article.*)

Sir,

TURKEY AND BULGARIA

I am a regular reader of THE FORTNIGHTLY and I consider it one of the most seriou periodicals of this country. I was, however, much astonished to read in you August issue the article entitled "Turkey and Bulgaria" by Dr. Malcolm Burr. I do n have the honour of knowing him personally and I do not propose to take any side o any of the political issues or tendencies behind his article. I feel it my duty, howeve to try to correct his inaccuracies and so help to stop the spreading of ignorance tendentious utterings on the vital Balkan entanglements.

For convenience I will follow the course taken by Dr. Burr in his article. H maintains that the step about to be taken against the Turkish minority " is unique international relations ". I would like to remind him that not very long ago, to quot only Balkan happenings, the Turks, themselves, expelled tens of thousands of Greek and Bulgarians from Anatolia and Thrace, and the Greeks, Serbians and Rumanian expelled hundreds of thousands of Bulgarians from Macedonia, Thrace, Dobrudj and Tsaribrod.

Dr. Burr further maintains that " everyone in Bulgaria. except the children, wa bilingual while customs and costumes were a reminder that the Turks had left withi the memory of most men then living. To-day only the Bulgarian speech is heard. Doesn't he know that not one of the Balkan nations, in spite of the 500 years Turkish domination, learned the Turkish language ? And that, on the contrary it was the Turks, residing in the Balkan countries, who had to learn the local tongues And about costumes and customs. Mr. Burr seems to forget that all Balkan nation under Turkish rule (with the possible exception of a few groups on the far west of th Balkans) were Christians and that the Turks were Mohammedans; so how on earth the could customs and costumes be the same ? Or maybe Dr. Burr wants to tell us tha all Balkan women were wearing veils as were Turkish women until very recently Or that men were wearing fezzes ?

Much could be said against the present rulers of Bulgaria or other Communist led countries in the Balkans, but to maintain that " to-day only the Bulgarian speec is heard " is sheer nonsense. Whatever the Communists there did or do, they neve did prevent the Turks from speaking their own mother tongue. And I was ther long enough under Communist rule to know. Communist or no Communis Bulgaria and the other Balkan countries never persecuted the Turks for speaking th Turkish language.

With an anecdote Dr. Burr wants to prove that Shukri Pasha surrendered the fort ress of Adrianople and his sword, not to the Bulgarians, but to the Serbs ; a thing tha is not maintained even by the most chauvinistic of Serbs. Happily photography wa invented by the time of surrender and Dr. Burr can always see who conquere Adrianople and to whom Shukra Pasha really handed his sword. By the way, th

ar of surrender is not 1912. The exact date is March 13, 1913. Shukri Pasha ally " knew which had defeated him "—Bulgarians or Serbs. The one who doesn't ow is Dr. Burr.

The population of present-day Bulgaria is well above seven million people and even e Turks themselves have never claimed that their minority in Bulgaria is 800,000. ie highest figure given is 650,000. Why does Dr. Burr diminish the first figure and gment the latter ?

Whether the Turks" are aliens " to the present rulers of Bulgaria or not, I cannot l. But even the Turks themselves do not mainatain, as Dr. Burr does, that " in the es of the Bulgars they are aliens." Why he makes no discrimination between oples and rulers is beyond me.

Whether out of ignorance, or of specific feelings inappropriately mixed up with litics, or for other reasons, several prominent British personages have recently ade important misstatements which, although perhaps aimed at political expedi- cy, might, in the long run, touch the feelings of a whole nation which, after all, cupies an important place in the Balkans, and eventually harm British interests.

Such utterances are extremely short-sighted. They might help on the spur of the oment, but, in the long run, they are harmful, as feelings are weapons that might be arpened at both ends. To fight Governments or régimes is one thing ; to be iteful towards whole nations—quite another.

And I hope the publication of these lines of mine will help to put things right in ture.

BORIS V. KOUSSEV.

r,

WORLD GOVERNMENT

The September article by Mr. Gilbert McAllister, M.P., makes more encouraging ading than I had thought possible at the present time. It is easy to see why apathy and spondency have seized hold of ordinary people all over the world. They ve tried for so long to secure a lasting peace and yet, however much they have nted it, events have always taken control of their destinies. No wonder they are sceptical to-day about the promises which a world government would hold out— ey have heard it all before.

That is why last month's Parliamentary Conference on World Government was so artening. It was something active and something definite. I cannot believe that those Members of Parliament who came from all over the world will allow the uits of their labours to be frittered away. I feel certain that the knowledge and the thusiasm that is theirs after the Conference will be taken back to the Assemblies of eir own countries and will in turn inspire others with the same spirit of common deavour for the common good.

Of course that great obstacles exist which must be overcome before world federal vernment is achieved is undeniable, but, as General Eisenhower said recently, it is nazing how obstacles fade into nothing at the first signs of success. Unfortunately blic opinion remains apathetic but this is something which can quickly pass. I am rtain there is no popular opposition in this or any other country to any of these ans for greater unity and integration and it may well be the case that the London nference will turn mere absence of hostility into more definite popular support as is achieved by the Hague Congress.

I think that Mr. McAllister and the sponsors of this Conference merit our interest d support for I believe that the work they are doing may be more important to our ture than either they or we now realize.

D. W. SANDERS.

orthwood, Middlesex.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

GRAHAM GREENE

By Luke Parsons

EVERY so often a writer is presented to us, by consent of critics and public alike, as the outstanding exemplar of contemporary fiction. For quite a time it was Mr. Somerset Maugham, in reaction, possibly, to Conrad and any suggestion that man may be, in the last resort, a heroic animal. For even longer it was Mr. E. M. Forster with his presentation in the novel of that liberal humanism which, unlike "pure" humanism (as Mr. Eliot claims), is incompatible with Christianity. More recently there was Mr. Evelyn Waugh, the Catholic, right-wing satirist who was so funny and withal, so bleak that, after the guffaw, one reached for the suicidal firearm. To-day it is Mr. Graham Greene, famed alike for a film in which the zither played a *leitmotif* of despair, those bleak holocausts he calls "Entertainments", such as *A Gun For Sale*, and the serious novels ranging from the adolescent shambles in *Brighton Rock*—a horrid memento from the seaside—to the adult capitulation of *The Heart of the Matter*.

The essays in Mr. Greene's collection* are occasional, fragmentary, with a tenuous autobiographical thread connecting them. Literary criticism predominates but, as the B.B.C. 'Critics' pointed out, this helps us more to an understanding of Mr. Greene than to a fresh appraisal of the poets and novelists of whom he writes. Mr. Greene's Roman Catholicism, at times a strength in his novel-writing, is nothing but weakness in his literary criticism. We are unconvinced of the Manichaen taint in Dickens. We do not find in Henry James what Mr. Greene finds in *The Religious Aspect*. We are repelled, with him, by Samuel Butler's cocky blasphemies—but would not call this criticism. We feel that Mr. Greene admires Conrad without truly understanding him—perhaps because he was not, in Mr. Greene's view, a "good" Catholic—and regret, in an uncritically adulatory essay on the Catholic novelist Mauriac, an ungenerous aside on Conrad's *Lord Jim*. Elsewhere there is a critical reference, not developed, to *The Secret Agent*. This is surprising since it may be argued that, in the tradition of that work, Mr. Greene's own "Entertainments" and such a novel as *It's a Battlefield* are weaker and less successful derivatives.

The novels of Graham Greene are technically almost flawless. But there are seldom other than neutral tones in his landscape. "Human nature" he believes, "is not black and white but black and grey." We may prefer to believe that most natures have their black, grey and white moments. But Mr. Greene's confession gives a clue to the philosophy behind his work. Our life here is expiation. This gives the piling on of agony its meaning. Sometimes he seems led towards a strange form of other-worldliness. Is only suffering significant? Is all else just marking time before hell fire or salvation? At other times it is as though he is seeking to prove that faith, and only faith, can withstand and transcend the worst this life has to offer. Obsessed, we might almost say, with the sense of guilt he seems sometimes to forget that we are here also to serve God and love our neighbours. As a result a near-great book like *Brighton Rock* leaves some of us exhausted but unsatisfied.

His novels, unlike the fantasies of the late G. K. Chesterton, are not damaged creatively, at least to nothing like the same extent, by his dogmatism. Nor are his criticisms so marred as were

*_The Lost Childhood and other essays_, by Graham Greene. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.

Chesterton's *Chaucer*, and even his fine *Stevenson*, by religious propaganda. Rather, even the most light-weight of Mr. Greene's pieces—such as the notes on Buchan and Anthony Hope—are coloured by his view of life, his philosophy. And his prose is the perfect instrument to express what is in his mind. Only, we may feel, that mind does not take in the whole of life. It does not grasp Conrad's heroic conception of man. Also, as Lytton Strachey, unable to comprehend religious experience, could not be fair to General Gordon, we may suspect that Mr. Greene is totally unable to understand the visionary West Highlander, Hector Hugh Munro. Mr. Greene may be haunted, but he isn't fey.

All this may seem carping, ungenerous to one of our foremost novelists. But Mr. Greene is the contemporary idol of critic and general reader alike. His virtues are cried from the roof-tops and need not be echoed here. His limitations are ignored—and yet he has limitations. It was a fault in *The Heart of the Matter*, for example, that the moral problems therein—however valid, universal in application—were presented in a too esoteric, purely Catholic way. The Roman Church may embrace all problems involving sin—but all sinners do not embrace the Roman Church. Thus the central dilemmas in *The Heart of the Matter* were presented in a specialized form which, one can only say, gave it a parochial air. By science the Christian Scientist means philosophy ; Mr. Graham Greene, as novelist as well as Catholic, should not confuse his readers in that sort of way.

The case against him as potentially a great novelist—a candidate for posterity—of course goes deeper. Does he not state it himself when he proclaims human nature to be only black and grey ? He knows much about sin and "the dark midnights of the soul." But do we get in his books a full picture of man in the image of God, down in the mud yet reaching for the stars ? We are child-like, sinners, yet only a little lower than the angels. Mr. Greene's characters appear sometimes a little lower than men. All the climactic action of *The Third Man*, and Harry Lime's death, take place in the sewers below Vienna. It could be symbolic. So often Mr. Greene's dramas seem to be played out mentally, even spiritually, in a twilight world.

THE CONDITIONS OF ECONOMIC PROGRESS, by Colin Clark. *Macmillan.* 50*s.*

Alluding, no doubt, to the first edition of this book, a French economist, statistician and demographer of international repute, M. Alfred Sauvy, wrote in his essay " *Le Pouvoir et l'Opinion* " (1949) :

> Despite his temerity in the use of statistics which may well be frightening to the cautious, Mr. Colin Clark's investigations, based as they are on observed facts, have done more for the progress of economic science, than a hundred confused elaborations of Walras' model of economic equilibrium.

This judgment, as correct in its praise as in its criticism, came back to my mind as I read the second completely revised edition of Mr. Clark's big volume.

Its first edition, completed in 1939, published in 1940 and long since exhausted, did to inductive, what Keynes' "General Theory" did to deductive economics. It gave a major impulse to national income investigations the world over. It had a lot to do with the publication, annual since 1941, of Britain's National Income White Paper and similar official publications since undertaken in other countries. It revolutionized the teaching of economics which to-day tends more and more to approach the whole subject from the angle of national income. Indeed, the national income concept is to-day predominant. Recently, a French economist, M. J. R. Boudeville, published a book entitled *Revenus nationaux et paix mondiale* which, *inter alia*, seeks to explain political developments by reference to the evolution of national incomes. No such study, it is safe to say, would or

could have been thought of before Mr. Clark's publication, if only because the statistical material was lacking.

Mr. Clark certainly satisfies the first and second conditions in the epigram he quotes by Edmund Bishop for the making of a great book :

> . . . . a German to collect all possible and impossible material, an Englishman to use his judgment in selecting what was useful and relevant, and lastly a Frenchman with the literary instinct to write it.

He has indeed assembled all useful and relevant material on national income ; productivity in primary, secondary and tertiary industries ; consumption of goods and elasticity of consumption in relation to prices and incomes, and distribution of labour as affected by relative income levels and other factors. But his literary instinct has failed him in this second edition. Disregarding minor errors of language (such as the use of the verb " hypothecate " on page 566 when it should clearly be " hypothesize "), it was a major mistake to omit the chapter " Summary and Conclusions " which was so useful a feature of the first edition. In the second, Mr. Clark gives few generalizations or summary conclusions. Such as there are must be hunted for all over some 500 pages. The result is that the reader is confronted with what frequently is no more than a mass of rough data. Sometimes, typographical devices alone would be sufficient to bring some order into their presentation. Thus, subdivisions by countries, now lacking on pages 83, 86 and 88, would help to construct more clearly the chapter on "Comparisons of Real National Product". At present the sources of Dutch, Belgian, Swiss and Italian statistics suddenly appear under the last preceding heading " France ", which appears on page 71. But, conversely, Mr. Clark has enriched the second edition by a fascinating new chapter entitled " Economic Comparisons with the Ancient World ". From this it would appear, incidentally, that in Aristophanes' time, the standard of living of the *free* population in Athens was higher than the average for Greece in 1929 (500 International Units, that is, dollars of average 1925-1934 purchasing power, against 332, per head).

Comparisons over such vast periods are of course highly speculative and it is of no practical importance if their margin of error is high. But for contemporary periods M. Sauvy's remarks about "temerity in the use of statistics " become apposite, for one might well feel that both in time and in space, the field of comparisons had better be restricted. What is the margin of error in a comparison between the national incomes of China and the U.S.A. when to obtain comparable figures, we must know China's population and there is nobody to supply any even approximate figure? Substitute India for China and here again the census of population is still most imperfect. Or take the case of Holland where, in the chapter on real national product (p.83), it is necessary for purposes of comparison to determine the value of consumption, by Dutch farmers, of home-produced food, at retail prices : in the absence of Dutch statistics, Mr. Clark takes the French figures and adjusts them in proportion to the relative size of the agricultural population in France and in the Netherlands respectively. Failing any better solution, the method may be legitimate, but what is the margin of error? These are minor criticisms which do not detract from the immense value of this very remarkable book, of which for once, it is no exaggeration to say that it is indispensable to the study of economics.

R. P. SCHWARZ.

THE MAHDIYA—a history of the Sudan, by A. B. Theobald. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

Mr. Theobald introduces his book by emphasizing that although many books have been written about the Sudan in the last 70 years, there is no history of the Mahdiya and its study has been almost entirely neglected. His book may be said to fill the gap in so far as the history

of the Sudan is concerned. His story of that enormous, physically inhospitable country begins with the Turko-Egyptian occupation in 1821 ; but concentrates on the years from 1881 to 1898, of Mahdiya rule.

As a story it is competently told. The Egyptian collapse from 1881 to 1883 ; the surge of revolt ending in the capture of Khartoum and General Gordon's murder ; the first ineffective British intervention ending with Queen Victoria's historic " Too late " ; the subsequent adventures of the Khalifa—the Mahdi's successor in 1885—which led to the temporary subjugation of the country to his rule ; his defeat of the Abyssinians and his defeat by the reorganized Egyptian army—all are recorded with accuracy and diligence and some slightly controversial comment. In the last four chapters he deals with the Anglo-Egyptian reconquest from 1896 to 1898—again a lucid story and well documented.

The book is, in fact, comprehensive as plain history should be. But it is a history not a study, which is disappointing. True, Mr. Theobald speaks hopefully of a Sudanese historian of the future who has " a virgin field for research in the light of contemporary Arabic records." But as I read on through his 250-odd pages, I became increasingly restless. For 80 per cent. of Mr. Theobald's history was, on analysis, only a digest of other well-known books—all by European authors, and the " virgin field " had not, as far as I could judge, been explored at all by him. The main British characters are vividly painted—as they have been painted before. But the Mahdi and the Khalifa only emerge as very remote figures—as shadowy almost as Tamerlane and Genghis Khan, as Attila or as Hengist and Horsa. The title of the book was therefore to me misleading. I had hoped for pictures of Omdurman and Khartoum under Mahdist rule and of the Mahdi and the Khalifa themselves in the height of their power, and I know that material for such pictures is available.

There are still some alive—Greeks, Sudanese and Egyptians—who went through the siege and lived on in Khartoum from 1885 to 1898. There are thousands of others whose parents will have told of their adventures during those harsh years. These sources, as well as the " Virgin Field of contemporary Arabic records " still await exploration ; and only when they have been explored will the true story of the Mahdiya be known. Let us hope that " the Sudanese historian of the future " is already at work.

OWEN TWEEDY.

WASA-WASA, by Harry Macfie and Hans G. Westerlund. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

FOURTEEN MEN, by Arthur Scholes. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

OUT OF THIS WORLD, by Lowell Thomas, Jr. *Macdonald.* 18*s.*

" Those were terrible days and nights when I was paddling against death for my friend's life. In order not to lose the paddle, which had happened once when I dozed off for a moment from sheer weariness, I tied it firmly to my wrist." This passage in *Wasa-wasa*—an Indian word which means far, far away—is an example of what Mr. Macfie, a Swede of Scottish extraction, underwent in the wilds of Canada.

He migrated to America in 1897 on account of " a longing for real adventures among gold-diggers and trappers." The adventures were numerous and perilous enough ; they are here related without any literary artifice, but in such a manner that we do not doubt that they all happened exactly in this hair-raising fashion. One of them, for example, tells us of a moose which the author encountered when he was temporarily without a gun ; he sought safety in a tree and the furious animal set to work uprooting it. Far friendlier were the Indians, such as Mandamen, with whom the author went hunting, and his squaw who served a white fish soup and wild rice. So long did Mr. Macfie stay with them and other Indians that he became

quite conversant with their language. One of its words is *nichichin*, very good, and that is the word we can apply to his book.

A more practised writer is Mr. Arthur Scholes, who threw up a job in an Australian newspaper office in order to take part in an expedition to Heard Island, a speck so small that hardly in any map is it to be found. In 1926 its sealing and mineral rights, together with those of the nearby McDonald Islands, were considered of such small value that a South African company obtained them for an annual payment of £100. However, as a weather station to study cosmic rays, magnetic observation and to make tidal records, this fragment of land, Heard Island, is important and the expedition was most thoroughly equipped by the Australian Government.

Mr. Scholes went there in 1947 with 13 companions and his account of the 15 months they spent in utter isolation —" our little adventure " he modestly calls it—is extremely vivid. " I was afraid," said the very experienced captain on one occasion on the way to the island, "that the very deck would be ripped up and rolled back by the force of the wind." A great deal of valuable work was accomplished and the members of the expedition remained the best of friends. Their sole link with the outer world was by radio and, if someone had not for some time had a personal telegram, " have a read of mine, mate," said the lucky to the unlucky. Among the compensations of life on Heard Island is the absence of microbes, so that colds, influenza and various other ills of civilization do not occur.

Mr. Lowell Thomas and his father, the well known broadcaster, were invited by the Tibetan authorities to visit that remote country because it was considered opportune to make America realize Tibet's serious problem of defence against Asiatic Communism. Moreover they wanted America and all the world to know that they are an independent nation. Their problems are so great that they have two Foreign Ministers to attend to them. An excellent picture displays these two gentlemen ; and the highest praise must be accorded to the book's illustrations. One of them shows His Holiness the Dalai Lama with a smile on his face, a picture which on that account is extremely rare, for he has of late had little to cause him to smile. He appears to be a kindly young man, as are most of his subjects, for we are told that they rarely murder anyone in Lhasa except policemen. So kindly are they that when a butcher slaughters a yak he first begs it to forgive him for the deed. One illustration we would have liked to see, but which was unobtainable because the floods made that particular monastery impossible of access, is a portrait of the famous abbess of an all-male monastery ; she is the holiest woman in Tibet. She is supposed to have the power to transform herself into a sow, one of her predecessors having done this not merely to herself but to all her lamas to escape from an enemy army. And now she is the only Tibetan woman permitted to ride in a palanquin.

If any reader feels moved, after being so delightfully entertained by Mr. Thomas, to proceed to Tibet he will find in a copious appendix what he should wear and what gifts he should take with him. The nobles, it seems, are interested in sherry, while whisky is also appreciated ; and the films one should take on such a trip are those of Tarzan or the Marx Brothers.

HENRY BAERLEIN

COINAGE IN ROMAN IMPERIAL POLICY 31 B.C. TO 68 A.D., by C. H. V. Sutherland. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

Few genuine scholars have the gift of writing on their own chosen subject to appeal, without controversy, even to a narrow circle of experts. In learned circles, controversy is usually welcomed as a means of pooling information obtained by long and serious study. Theories are propounded and disproved; facts are established and then comes to

us the truism so often put forward in "whodunits" that the theory must be made to fit the facts and not *vice versa*.

Mr. Sutherland has achieved the feat of writing a book which must be attractive and instructive to three separate and distinct classes of community—to the serious student of Roman history; to the pure numismatist and to any general reader of history with the vision to assimilate and appreciate new evidence, whether this evidence and original approach concerns his specialized period or any other.

It is essential that special mention be made of the illustrations; in a volume such as this, in which the evidence to support the arguments most learned, is, to an important extent visual, it was wise indeed to use collotype and the author is generous but, I feel sure he will agree, not more than fair in acknowledging to the respective curators of the Ashmolean and the British Museum his thanks for the privilege of making casts for his illustrations from the superb coins in their care which he needed to prove his case. These illustrations can seldom, if ever, have been bettered.

In my view it would have added to the general interest of Mr. Sutherland's book had he not assumed that his readers were as learned as himself. To a keen reader of history who, for example, collects or studies a series of coins other than Roman, some explanations of the relative denominations, or perhaps their approximate English equivalents, would be welcome, and perhaps may be added as an additional foreword in future editions. Notes of weight and quality of metal would increase the interest for those who are not experts in Roman numismatics. It would, I feel, also be a great help to have the legends and quotations in support of arguments clearly translated in the text. The book is a highly technical excursus into a field of numismatic study which has attracted serious interest only in recent years. Future research will probably produce new data as the years go by. Future studies may produce revised theories; but surely no reports of work in the future can better the style and care which those who know his work expect from Mr. Sutherland.

K. R. R. READHEAD.

A GUIDE TO THE PREHISTORIC AND ROMAN MONUMENTS IN ENGLAND AND WALES, by Jacquetta Hawkes. *Chatto and Windus.* 18*s.*

When the first farming peoples crossed to this island between four and five thousand years ago, they not only practised the first husbandry here but taught it to the hunting folk who were here before them. They had nothing better to work with than the antlers of deer, stone axes and hoes and other tools chipped from flint and socketted into wooden handles. But they changed the face of Britain. For they were the first to begin the clearance of trees and shrub from the uplands, to till and sow and save some of the seed for another sowing. Their successors, wave on wave, throughout prehistoric times to the dawn of history and beyond, cleared and cultivated—until late Celtic and early Teutonic agriculture descended to the river valleys and their richer soils. The pattern of modern Britain had been sketched.

The island itself had taken shape at a date brought much nearer by recent scholarship. "About eight thousand years ago, Britain began to assume its present familiar shape as the North Sea broke through to the Channel and turned what had been a west European peninsula into an island. This was an event whose future significance for human history could hardly have been appreciated by the fishers and fowlers who gradually settled the new coast-lines . . ."

In such vivid and attractive pictures Mrs. Jacquetta Hawkes justifies her attempt to bring into a single volume the principal prehistoric and Roman monuments in England and Wales. The attempt is ambitious because we have been in the habit of separating the peroid of the Roman occupation (whih

belongs to history) from prehistory (which by definition does not). The author has made archaeology into a story and, as she is a competent archaeologist we can take both facts and story from her, bound together by the theme of the continuity of life in our island from the earliest times.

The scope of the book, as outlined in a useful chronology, is from the cave dwellings of the old and middle stone age to the towns, amphitheatres, roads, frontier works, and other monuments of Roman rule. The detailed chapters range from Surrey and Kent, through Wessex, the south-west, Oxfordshire, the Forest of Dean, Wales and Monmouthshire to eastern and northern England. It would be impossible to reconcile individual preferences over so wide a field. For example, Roman Canterbury is dismissed with a brief and almost contemptuous paragraph. Pevensey Castle ranks with Richborough and Burgh Castle in impressiveness, and if the author was chilled by new bungalows near she had not allowed herself to forget them as she would in Pevensey Marsh. A great deal more of the remains of London Wall are " worth visiting " than the sections mentioned. Verulamium is none the worse for being " the most spectacular Roman site in Southern Britain."

These instances are differences about emphasis ; the text stands up to all tests applied to its accuracy. The book is plainly the result of first hand study on the sites ; and even where we know them well we are likely to learn something. Mrs. Hawkes is at her best among the chalk uplands of Wessex (" lordly walking along the Ridgeway "), and when she comes down to the plain in the Wyllie Valley it is to find villages with material reminders of " almost every century of the last nine."

Such writing is infectious. It must send its readers in search of antiquities of which they have heard and others new to them. The book fills a vacant place in the rapidly growing literature of the living past.

W. Thomson Hill.

MINIATURES IN THE XVIIIth AND XIXth CENTURIES, by Donough O'Brien. *Batsford.* £3 3*s.* 0*d.*

On the one hand, his book is a measure of the considerable information that the Hon. Donough O'Brien has amassed, on the other, it is a reflection of the keen enjoyment that he has found, in a long and varied experience as a collector of miniatures.

Some results of his research are to be seen in nearly 400 examples occupying over 130 half-tone plates at the back of his book. These reproductions illustrate miniatures produced over a period from the beginning of the eighteenth century until the time in the late nineteenth century when the art was almost totally eclipsed by the rapid development of photography. The index includes a list of names ranging from celebrities like Richard Cosway, George Engelheart, Ozias Humphry, Jean Baptiste Isabey and Andrew Plimer to those whose identities have been all but obscured by the passing of time. In a preceding chapter, each picture is the subject of a separate commentary. A convenient system of indexing and numbering leads the reader quickly to the relevant passage where each miniature is discussed at some length. The author describes its size, colour and treatment and gives, wherever possible, details of signatures and inscriptions together with biographical information about the artist and sitter.

The reproductions and descriptive notes are of absorbing interest. In so great a number of miniatures, the quality is almost necessarily uneven. Miniature painting has the advantage of a characteristic charm that belongs to little things ; but, as Miss La Creevy says to Kate Nickleby : " You have no idea of the trouble one little miniature is." It is essentially an exacting art which calls for outstanding draughtsmanship and a highly accomplished technique. Smallness of scale provides no cloak for shortcomings. In fact, as anyone knows who has tried, the faults of tiny drawings are far more apparent than those in larger works. However,

if many of the miniatures here reproduced fall short of artistic distinction, they offer lavish compensations of historic interest, sentimental appeal and personal associations, Obviously, the choice of a collector cannot be governed, always and wholly, by aesthetic considerations.

The remaining chapters deal, rather shapelessly, with many aspects of the art. The Hon. Donough O'Brien writes with a curious blend of authority and artlessness. He gives accounts of many different kinds of miniatures, advises would-be collectors on the acquisition and preservation of specimens and intersperses stories of the old miniaturists with anecdotes of his own experiences. If his manner is rambling and sometimes strangely ungrammatical, it is none the less engaging, and his matter is full of entertainment and interest.

The book is teeming with printers' errors which are far more numerous than those acknowledged in the lengthy list of errata and corrigenda. From an accompanying prospectus, it is understood that the book was printed in Egypt, "the resulting production" it states, "being creditable to all concerned." Perhaps it is only ignorance of the circumstances of production which hinders ready agreement with this assertion.

F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS

THE STRUCTURE OF COMPLEX WORDS, by William Empson. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

Mr. Empson is anything but a prolific writer, but what he writes has a permanent value. *Seven Types of Ambiguity* is one of the considerable works of criticism of our time, and this is an equally valuable successor. Mr. Empson acknowledges his debt to Professor Richards, with an almost too cosy (his favourite word) acquiescence, but it is likely that this work will last as long as his master's—if only because of the less desiccated style in which he writes. In any event it is a notable contribution to literary criticism. He is to be congratulated on a major piece of scholarship.

In his earlier work Mr. Empson examined the overtones in various sentences. Now he examines in detail the senses of particular words, and relates their history to that of the contemporary value to the reader. He suggests that dictionaries should develop this, by ceasing to strive themselves to be each a theosaurus, but rather by seeking to relate each word to its various implications.

This is his method: he starts by a proposal for the tabular assessment of words, which is original, scholarly, and profoundly abstruse for those not interested in semantics. It is far too intricate to summarize or to set out his symbols. Yet it may be agreed that every word is susceptible to puns, to conscious double use, and to emotive overtones. There are also 'poetic' words, called upon for their stock reflex associations, and 'exact' words—the "best words used in their best sense" of the poetic definition. There is nowadays, moreover, and much has been done in this field by Mr. Robert Graves, realization that many words carry with them a sub-conscious or associatory sense which it is the task of the critic to disentangle.

It is with this that Mr. Empson is now concerned. And the second part of his book, while not less valuable than the first, is the most readable for the general scholar, as opposed to the specialist. In it Mr. Empson applies himself to analysis of the meanings, moods and overtones of Pope in his use of 'wit', Shakespeare in his use of 'dog' and 'honest', or Wordsworth in his use of 'sense'. It would be impertinent to abbreviate what he says into generalizations.

Mr. Empson finishes with the suggestion for a re-treatment of dictionaries which would enable them to give the subtler, rather than the more obvious and redundant definitions of various words. This might not benefit the general scholar. But it would certainly be to the great advantage of the

specialist, and a dictionary on the lines he suggests would have lasting value. Unfortunately, if as much industry as his were put into each word considered, the volumes would be endless.

This is a highly professional work for those interested in words. It is also, in detail, a benefit to literary criticism in the fields in which Mr. Empson cares to illustrate his thesis. In all, it is a work of patient erudition which will take an enduring place in an aspect of literature which is being studied with increasing sympathy.

PENNETHORNE HUGHES

AMERICAN LITERATURE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, by Heinrich Straumann. *Hutchinson's University Library.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The title of this book suggests that its subject is literature but the Introduction makes quite clear that literary values are to be a secondary consideration. The author's aim is to trace the expression in selected American prose, poetry and drama of twentieth century thought. He explains that the book is to be " a study in attitudes." Each of the first four chapters deals with a different " attitude " and its protagonists. In the fifth and last their conflict is worked out in a penetrating discussion of drama.

The first chapter is entitled " The Power of Reality " and it is unfortunate that Professor Straumann does not define his term. Beginning with the work of William James and John Dewey he shows that the fundamentals of pragmatism are implicit in the novels of such writers as Upton Sinclair, Dreiser, Farrell, Sinclair Lewis, and, rather oddly, Edith Wharton, who deal mainly with sociological problems. He turns next to America's rediscovery of its past, basing his survey on the work of Henry Adams. In this section the danger of equating the best-seller with literature is not entirely avoided, and the discussion on regionalism is weakened by being confined to a few sympathetic comments on Willa Cather.

In these first two chapters the author is concerned with writers well-known in this country, nor is there anything new in his evaluation of the ideas they accept and promulgate. The third chapter is labelled " The Fate of Man." To the English reader it offers help precisely where this is most needed, at the road-fork where the materialistic ideas that we term American, shift from the pragmatic to the metaphysical view of life. After an excellent comment on the influence of Reinhold Niebuhr and helpful notes on the work of Faulkner, McCullen, K. A. Porter and Glenway Westcott, all little known here, Professor Straumann considers the novels of the enigmatic Ernest Hemingway to which he devotes nine pages of clear and stimulating criticism. The paragraphs that follow on Fitz-Gerald, Wolfe, Penn Warren and H. Miller are equally illuminating.

" The Realm of Imagination " as a title for chapter four is unfortunate as the words are used very loosely. The section on poetry, " in which the basic attitudes of the different writers are the main concern, " is the weakest in the book, notably in its treatment of Ezra Pound and its complete omission of Eberhart, poet of the " fearful paradoxes of the spiritual."

In the last chapter of his book Professor Straumann shows that in American drama the main conflict lies between " an outlook based on the acceptance of reality,"such as he has analysed in his first two chapters, and " one that looks for values beyond the world of experience," discussed in chapters three and four. His analysis clarifies many of the problems raised by Eugene O'Neill and Thornton Wilder. The whole discussion is provocative and stimulating, and with its ample book-lists should promote the study of American ideas, and thence of American literature.

GRACE A. WOOD.

CHRISTOPHER FRY : an Appreciation, by Derek Stanford. *Peter Nevill.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The plays of Christopher Fry have had plenty of individual attention from

the critics. Now comes the first attempt at a general assessment and appreciation of this writer's work. It can at best be only an interim valuation of a playwright whose output has yet to grow in quantity and no doubt in depth; of variety it presents enough for Mr. Stanford to be able to treat, as separate propositions, three comedies, two religious festival plays, one tragedy and one adaptation from the French. The latest play, *A Sleep of Prisoners*, comes too late for inclusion in the argument. To make up a full length critical work the author devotes chapters to Fry's language, the nature of his comedy, his metaphysical content, his relation to certain other dramatists, and his treatment at the critics' hands.

Altogether then, it has become a heavy programme, and Mr. Stanford is not disposed to treat it as a light one. There is every reason why he should work strenuously against the hasty judgment of Mr. Fry as a purveyor of elaborate verbal felicities without meaning or philosophy. He sees the dramatist as expressing a sense of mystery through paradox, and as having worked through the modern intellectual phase of disenchantment to a further possibility of wonder and renewal.

All this is excellently argued, but it carries with it a solemnity that hardly suits its subject. In theory Mr. Stanford submits, and even pleads, that humour has its place in the cosmic scheme, that tragedy is not the only truth. But he tends to orate on gaiety, not to relish it. How, otherwise, could he be so censorious of Jean Anouilh for presenting a pattern of blithe fantasy (in which there are at least some sharply poignant strands) instead of a theory of world order ? As a loyal admirer of Mr. Fry it has ruffled him to find the critics praising *Ring Round the Moon* for a shapely combination of qualities that were seen in raggeder form in Mr. Fry's own plays. Metaphysics are important, but good theatre and well-focussed characters are important too in a dramatic work. The slight puzzlement felt by so many over the comedies is due, one suspects, not to the profundity but to the fluidity of the characters, who shape themselves to the poetical moment at the expense of their own outline. Could there ever be soldiers, in whatever place or period, like Tregeus or Thomas ?

Mr. Stanford does drive home the outstanding fact that the comedy, in Mr. Fry's plays, is not used as mere contrast and alternation with the real dilemma, but has merged and become a part of it. The immediate danger in this otherwise happy union is that (as with the earlier Shaw plays) fancy or mockery will seem, to the audience, to dominate. Mr. Stanford himself is perhaps not beyond an error or two. For instance he seems to miss, as an elemental factor, Mr. Fry's interest in astronomy. No imaginative writer since Hardy has so hitched his waggon to the stellar universe. Like Carroll's game of chess in *Through the Looking Glass*, the eclipse in *Venus Observed* is described correctly, though the terms are lightened by whimsy. If the Duke's speech about asteroids and cepheids, nebulae and magellanic clouds is " fanciful inventiveness " so, then, are the reports of astrophysicists concerning galaxies in space.

Without trying to trace Christopher Fry's masters, Mr. Stanford makes some interesting comparisons. Prominent among them—apart from Shakespearian echoes—are the romantics T. L. Beddoes, Stephen Phillips, Flecker, and the Rostand of *Cyrano*. (Might he not go back to Otway's *Venice Preserved* whose very title seems to have been shaped into re-use ?) It is noticeable that none of these exponents of the diffuse poetic expression has remained in the regular repertory. Mr. Stanford argues, and with some reason, that Mr. Fry outdoes them all by his basic urgency. The critic's own tendency to over-solemnize a brave venture must be excused on this score.

SYLVA NORMAN

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

" I did not suffer from any desire to be relieved of my responsibilities. All I wanted was compliance with my wishes after reasonable discussion." The writer, of course, is Mr. Churchill and it is yet another mark of our joy in him during those war years that we can read it even now with an exclamation of delight for his glorious arrogance and assurance which percolated down and, when fortune had forgotten how to smile, sustained the humblest of us.

Agreeable change

It will not be surprising if many readers of Mr. Churchill's history of the second world war consider the latest and fourth volume THE HINGE OF FATE (*Cassell.* 25*s.*) the best. Mr. Churchill's style is well fitted to momentous events. The sharp sentences beat at the reader with a rhythm that reminds him of those pulsing times; the buoyancy of the wording of the memoranda prodding their recipients with reminders of the importance of detail echo in the reader's heart Mr. Roosevelt's delighted cry : " It is fun to be in the same decade with you." Mr. Churchill writes that for the first six months of the period covered by the present volume (January, 1942-May, 1943) " all went ill ; for the last six months everything went well." He calls this an " agreeable change ". Those first six months included the fall of Singapore (" the worst disaster and largest capitulation in British history "), immense losses to U-boats, the invasion of Burma, the perilous Arctic convoys, the fall of Tobruk (" I did not attempt to hide from the President the shock I had received. It was a bitter moment. Defeat is one thing ; disgrace is another "). But victory was near and with it the mood of Mr. Churchill changes, according to his own precepts laid down, from defiance to magnanimity. Were all Mr. Churchill's judgments sound and just ? Perhaps not, but the error was negligible when compared with the inestimable advantage to Britain and her allies of that " one mind playing over the whole field. "

Labour law

Had Sir Harold Butler lived he would have reviewed for THE FORTNIGHTLY Mr. Churchill's fourth volume as he reviewed the earlier three. His was a wise mind, which readers of this review were fortunate to know. His interest, too, must have been great in John W. Follows' book ANTECEDENTS OF THE INTERNATIONAL LABOUR ORGANIZATION (*Oxford University Press.* 18*s.*) for Mr. Follows had prudently allowed him, a former director of the I.L.O., to read some at least of the manuscript. Mr. Follows unfolds an encouraging story. A little over-anxious, perhaps, to explode Robert Owen's spurious reputation for being the first to propose international labour legislation, he pays earnest tribute to those who really helped the cause of labour reform in England and other countries of Europe. To Charles Frederick Hindley, Member of Parliament for Ashton-under-Lyne, goes the credit for first suggesting labour legislation by foreign treaty. This was in 1833. Yet there were many others who, fighting to reduce the hours of work, especially for children, saw clearly that only international action could overcome the manufacturers' argument that reduced hours would mean bankruptcy for the country adopting them in face of competition from abroad. One pleasing discovery for those who have shed tears over the heartless conditions endured in Britain by the workers for too many years in the nineteenth century is that on the continent England was quoted as being in the van of reform.

Parliamentary Government

Two splendid short books to add to the " civics " shelf of home or school library are THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AT WORK by Eric Taylor (a Pelican from *Penguin Books.* 2*s.*) and PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN THE COMMONWEALTH (*Hansard Society.* 9*s.*). The Hansard

volume is a symposium edited by Sydney D. Bailey and has a wealth of excellent contributors. Apart from chapters on each dominion there are valuable papers on "The Commonwealth Today" by Sir Alfred Zimmern, "The Crown in the Commonwealth" by H. V. Hodson and, as a distinguished tailpiece, "The Ideals of the Commonwealth" by Sir Ernest Barker who reminds us that the "fundamental ideas of the Commonwealth are rooted and grounded in principles of English law which are almost as old as that law . . ." There is also an excellent bibliography and some good photographs——Mr. Taylor, in his book, plainly describes the procedure of the House. He makes an heroic attempt to be lively and certainly achieves a breeziness which may help some the better to assimilate the well-marshalled facts.

Two lives

Concerned not with government but with administration, Sir Alexander Paterson, the much loved Prison Commissioner, left a number of papers and reports which have been collected and published in a volume PATERSON ON PRISONS, edited by S. K. Ruck (*Frederick Muller*. 15*s*.) It is doubtful if they do him full justice. His great achievement in life, as Mr. Attlee points out in a Foreword, was his unconquerable interest in and sympathy for the individual. He achieved much in prison reform and the Borstal system was largely his conception but what he achieved was the result not of pondering over administrative problems but of an overwhelming desire to help people. A man who can write : "Imprisonment leaves no visible scar to shock the eye, but it may well have done damage to a human character that nothing can repair" may well be thought the right man to be charge of prisons. He insists that the prisoner is punished by being sent to prison, deprived of his liberty ; he is not sent to prison for punishment. Some of the arguments may have an old-fashioned sound ; they plead points of view now generally acceptable. If this is so, it is well to remember that Paterson made them so. ——C. B. Purdom in his book, LIFE OVER AGAIN (*Dent*. 18*s*.) misses his opportunity to engage the sympathy of the reader. It is an essay in autobiography of a man whose setbacks are too often excused by laying blame at other people's doors. And this is a pity for Mr. Purdom has had an unusual career which could have been narrated without offence to anyone and with more profit and pleasure to all. The garden cities of Letchworth and Welwyn, journalism and authorship, the theatre are all subjects which Mr. Purdom can write about from personal experience and some of it of an unique kind. In short a book which flows along on an easy style, to be enjoyed in parts.

Country ways

Another disappointment is NORFOLK by Doreen Wallace and R. P. Bagnall-Oakeley, one of The County Books (*Robert Hale*. 15*s*.). To begin with the division, almost exactly into halves, of the book's space between Miss Wallace writing of people, history, topography and industry and Mr. Bagnall-Oakeley describing the county's natural history seems hardly just. If merit is to be the only criterion then Mr. Bagnall-Lakeley deserves all the space he gets and more ; he could hardly have done his job better, but for a book of this kind, and even for a county so rich in natural history, more room was needed for the remaining subjects. Perhaps Miss Wallace felt cramped ; perhaps she was just unlucky in her approach : whatever the reason she has produced a scrappy account which will be far from satisfying to those who have often had cause to admire her work.——One turns, with relief, to a volume one can wholeheartedly praise. Richard Perry has often delighted readers of THE FORTNIGHTLY with his observations on birds and mammals. For BRITISH BIRDS IN COLOUR (*Odhams Press*. 21*s*.) he is chief contributor of the text ; the 108 coloured plates are reproduced from

John Gould's *Birds of Great Britain* and there are many splendid photographs contributed by E. J. Hosking, G. K. Yeates and others. Mr. Perry's main purpose is to describe British birds which task he admirably performs in a chapter occupying rather more than half the whole book. He accepts the classified list of British birds compiled by H. F. Witherby and each section of the chapter deals with a family or group of birds. Beautifully illustrated as it is there could hardly be a better introduction to ornothology for young students. Nor is this all. Mr. Perry himself contributes another good chapter on "The Technique of Bird-Watching", R. M. Lockley writes on the pleasure of it, Dr. Bruce Campbell's chapter is an important one on "The Habitats of British Birds" and there are other chapters on migration, bird protection and eggs.

True to its name

In the 'thirties many people, myself among them, added books of lasting value to our shelves by buying, at a price to suit our pockets, reprints issued in the Phoenix Library by *Chatto and Windus*. Now the "Library" appropriately enough has risen again adding the adjective New, incorrectly I think, to qualify Phoenix. As before it promises to meet all tastes and, what is perhaps more valuable, satisfies us that in spite of current criticism a good many books of worth have been written in our own time. There are now sixteen volumes in The New Phoenix Library and the most recent four to be laid on the table are A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLAND, by G. K. Chesterton (6*s*.), FIERY PARTICLES, by C. E. Montague (6*s*.), LOLLY WILLOWES, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (6*s*.) and VESTAL FIRE, by Compton Mackenzie (a double volume, 7*s*. 6*d*.). Renewing my acquaintance with the Chesterton and loving afresh his determination to look at everything from an original vantage point, I was amused to read at the start of Chapter III :

> We should be startled if we were quietly reading a prosaic modern novel, and somewhere in the middle it turned without warning into a fairy tale. We should be surprised if one of the spinsters in *Cranford* after tidily sweeping the room with a broom were to fly away on a broomstick.

Something much like that does happen in *Lolly Willowes*, when the lady, who gives her name to the title, grows tired of being Aunt Lolly and makes a compact with Satan. Miss Warner has a pleasant originality and a felicitous turn to her sentences. Almost anywhere in *Lolly Willowes* it is possible to open the book and be pleased with the paragraph which first catches the eye. Take the occasion when Miss Williams is trying to explain to her brother why she wishes to move to Great Mop after many years in his London home. She thinks she has always meant to move but "one day is so like another, it's almost impossible to throw salt on its tail."

> There was another long pause. She could not make out Henry at all. It was not like him to say nothing when he was annoyed. She had expected thunders and tramplings and those she could have weathered. But thus becalmed under a lowering sky she was beginning to lose her head.

In French

During the past ten years readers of THE FORTNIGHTLY have enjoyed and appreciated from time to time articles by Tibor Mende. Mr. Mende lived in London for some years but now, after a period in India, he resides in France. Two recent books of his L'INDE DEVANT L'ORAGE (*Editions du Seuil*, 27 rue Jacob, Paris VIe) and LA REVOLTE DE L'ASIE (*Presses Universitaires de France*, 108, Boulevard Saint-Germain Paris) bear witness to the penetrating manner in which, as a journalist, he examines the evidence before him. It is a great pity that the first of these books has so far failed to find an English publisher ; in France, I believe, it is already in a third edition.

JOHN ARMITAGE

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